

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI demonstrates verbal skills at Sir George yesterday.

daily photo by mark sandford



VOL. 62, NO. 94 FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1973 THREE CENTS

by gordon patterson

## Ferlinghetti: not tired just Beat

Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg; these were the big names for those of you old enough to remember the Beat generation. The cool generation that dug jazz, wore shades, and smoked reefers.

Kerouac is dead, but Ferlinghetti and Ginsberg carry on. Yesterday Lawrence Ferlinghetti brought back the old days for some aged hipsters with a recitation of poetry at Sir George Williams University.

Speaking before an audience of 200, Ferlinghetti started off with poem he wrote in Montreal and which appeared in the sports section of yesterday's Gazette. Like many of his poems it deals with contemporary subjects; in this case ecology, the Alaska oil pipeline, and the Canadian minister of energy resources. He then read from *Coney Island of the Mind* (1958), his first and most popular book of poems.

While Ginsberg was howling about the best minds of his generation having been burned out in decayed tenements across the country, and Kerouac was recording the exploits of Neal Cassidy, the great American primitive, Ferlinghetti was writing about his dog, which once pissed on a cop. In the poem "Dog" he tells of his canine friend, who also failed to distinguish Congressman Doyle of the House Un-American Activities from a fire hydrant.

Ferlinghetti also read excerpts from the actual poem "Coney Island of the Mind," a landmark work in the San Francisco movement. It evokes humorous and often pathetic images from the Eisenhower-Cold War era of the 50's. In that context Ferlinghetti called for the "withering away of all govern-

ments" to "make America safe for anarchy".

He compared his often cryptic to "abstract, expressionist, open form painting" creating "isolated images of the world". However, after one poem about a woman who painted moustaches on statues he stated "you must be saying you call that poetry! And pay people to come and read us that stuff?"

In the second part of his performance he recited some poems from his new book *Open Eye, Open Heart*, including a back-handed tribute to Ezra Pound called "Baseball Canto". In this poem he compares the "last great Anglo-Saxon institution, baseball" to the extreme Anglo-Saxon attitudes of Pound.

Particularly popular was a request from his book *Starting From San Francisco*, called "Underwear":

"If I were you I'd keep aside  
an oversize pair of winter underwear  
Do not go naked into that good night  
And in the meantime  
Keep calm and warm and dry"

### LOOKING BACKWARD?

There will be a Daily staff meeting today for all who have weathered this year. 4 pm in the office.

## Pentagon Papers defense begins

Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony Russo opened their defense case last week facing 13 instead of 15 counts in the government's original multiple-choice indictment. At the end of the prosecution's case, presiding Judge Wm. Matthew Byrne directed an acquittal on two of the eight espionage counts - one against Russo and one against Ellsberg. The Judge's acquittal came after defense attorneys presented a 51-page motion requesting an acquittal on all 15 counts.

Daniel Ellsberg now faces 105 years in prison instead of 115. Anthony Russo's maximum possible prison sentence dropped from 35 to 25 years. The defendants' combined possible fines were also thereby reduced from \$160,000 to \$140,000.

On Tuesday, Leonard Weinglass, chief counsel for Anthony Russo, opened the defense case by telling the 10 women and 2 men on the jury that: "The defense will present evidence, not to convince you that a crime has been committed which should be excused by you because you agree with either the motives or the purpose of the defendants; rather, our case will be that no violation of law has occurred."

Echoing the January 17th opening statement of Leonard Boudin, chief counsel for Ellsberg, Weinglass said that the "factual contours of the government's case" would be "practically duplicated in the presentation of the defense case, with some changes." However, he said, the defense would not only rebut the government's contention that the Pentagon Papers contain information "related to the national defense in the year 1969 in a way that could cause injury to the United States or be of an advantage to a foreign

nation," but also raise "the very serious question as to whether or not anything that occurred in Viet Nam bore a direct and reasonable relationship to the issue of the national defense and national preparedness of this country."

In the prosecution's case, the Assistant U.S. Attorney, David R. Nissen, has consistently taken the position that the trial is a simple matter of conspiracy, theft and espionage and that these unprecedented charges do not raise any unusual Constitutional or moral issues. In fact, a few days before Weinglass' opening statement, David Nissen formally complained to the court that "the defendants have been permitted unprecedented privileges to place everyone on trial but themselves" and that the Judge has allowed "the defendants to do virtually anything".

This complaint came two days after Ellsberg walked over to Nissen in the courtroom and called him a "despicable liar." Ellsberg's remark came at the end of a day when Judge Byrne had questioned Nissen sharply about his attempt to suppress evidence and silence a potential witness. Samuel A. Adams, a CIA analyst, had recently uncovered evidence that the statistics on "enemy" troop strength in General Wheeler's 1968 Joint Chiefs of Staff report on Viet Nam were based on numbers that had been "deliberately fabricated in late 1967." He also said that his evidence raised the possibility "that General Westmoreland may have originated the orders which led to the fabrications."

Eighty-five people attended an "open meeting to form a Science Undergraduate Society" yesterday in McIntyre 522.

The first speaker, Phillip Novack (Science), claimed that there were fundamental differences between Arts students and those in Science. When asked to elaborate, he said that Arts students supported the Free Press, Liberation School, and Gays.

He was followed by Jon Rogers (Arts), who said that he agreed completely with Mr. Novack.

Don Schreiber (Engineering), finance director of the Students' Society, criticized the ASUS budget for containing items such as a mysterious \$1000 loan fund, as well as an allocation for a journal "which hadn't appeared" and an honorarium for the ASUS executive.

It was pointed out by one science student that the mysterious loan fund was administered by the McGill Student Aid Office, and that the honorarium was not accepted by last year's executive and had been recently cancelled. Although Mr. Schreiber attempted to prevent him from speaking, the student managed to point out that the *Journal* had in fact appeared once, and that the second issue will be shortly forthcoming.

Bennett Little (Management) was given the floor next to speak in his capacity as representative-elect to the Board of Governors. He claimed that "science students have been ripped-off for years and years", that the ASUS books were in complete disarray, and that auditors had "given up in disgust". He was informed that, in fact, ASUS was the only faculty society to have held a complete audit.

continued on page 2



# today

## Faculty of Music:

Faculty Friday: "Tribute to St-Saens", lecture-recital. Dorothy Morton and Esther Master, duo-pianists and Sabina Teller Ratner. Redpath Hall 8:30. Admission \$1.50. (students 50 cents).

## English Department:

"St. Joan of the Stockyards" by Bertolt Brecht in Moyse Hall at 8 pm. No admission charge. Tickets available at the Union Box Office or at the door.

## Sigma Chi:

Curious about what fraternities are really like? Then drop in for a free hot dinner, and see ours. Weekdays at 1 pm at 3458 Peel.

## Centre for Developing Area Studies:

Workshop no. XVI at 12:15, 3437 Peel, 2nd floor lounge. Refreshments will be served. Subject: The Development of Human Capital, multi-disciplinary discussion.

## Savoy:

Tickets are on sale for The Gondoliers, March 14-17 at the Union Box Office. Tickets are \$1.50 for Wednesday and Thursday and \$2.50 for Friday and Saturday.

## Watershow '73:

Tickets now on sale at Currie Gym and Weston Pool for the show on March 10 at 8 pm.

## Murder, Inc McGill:

Mastermurder will begin on Monday, March 12. Pick up game cards at Union Box Office.

## Science...

continued from page 1

The meeting then broke up with an announcement that a new meeting would be held at 10 am next Wednesday in the same room. This, in spite of the fact that Biology 201D is being held in the room at that time, and it may be difficult to hold an open discussion. The organisers said that there would be time enough for a vote.

## OPEN HOUSE

featuring

GRIPPEN MIRE

at:

RED DOOR FRAT.  
3647 University

SAT. MAR. 10

Girls free

Guys \$1

3 beers/\$1



**XEROX  
PRINTING**

**FAST**

1016 SHERBROOKE W.  
843-8912

## Free Radiograms:

Via Amateur Radio to North America and Israel. Forms at Union Box Office or Room 401 (phone 392-8942).

## Yellow Door Coffee House:

Music tonight: Robb Goldstein, 8:30 to midnight, at 3625 Aylmer. Lunch all week, 12-2 pm.

## Film Society:

Suspense Series: Ministry of Fear (USA 1944) directed by Fritz Lang at 7 pm, and The Third Man (UK 1950) directed by Sir Carol Reed at 9:30. Both shows in L 132 for 50 cents.

## Pre-Med:

Dr. Murray Katz speaking on "The Use of Unscientific Methods upon Patients". 4th floor seminar room, McIntyre Building at 1 pm. Enter through 3rd floor Library.

## Sandwich Theatre:

If you have never heard of Hammerstein or even read a script.

# what's what

## ARTS AND SCIENCE WEEK '73

### ART EXHIBIT

On Friday the 23 of March A.S.U.S. week hopes to present an art exhibition on the first floor of the union building in rooms 123, 124. This exhibit we hope will be composed complet-

ely of student art. Therefore if you have art of any form, be it painting, photography, sculpture, ink sketches, etc. we strongly urge you to take advantage of this opportunity to display. If you are interested contact Frank Biocca at 524-1566 (between 9 pm and 1 am, Mon. to Thur.)

## THE GONDOLIERS

Humble gondoliers Giuseppe (Bob Devereaux) and Marco (Felix Ts'o) are faced with the task of governing the Kingdom of Barataria, "as one individual" in the Savoy Society's production of THE GONDOLIERS, one of the most popular of the light operas of Gilbert and Sullivan.

THE GONDOLIERS will be running next Wednesday through Saturday nights, March 14-17 at Moyse Hall. Tickets are \$1.50 on student nights (Wednesday and Thursday), and \$2.50 on Friday and Saturday. Tickets can be ob-

tained at the Union Box Office, or at the door.

## WOMEN'S ATHLETICS

McGill's Synchronized Swimming team is winding up its season with Watershow '73. This annual event will take place this Saturday, March 10, at 8:00 p.m. The show will be held at Currie Pool, 475 Pine St West (at Aylmer). As well as synchronized swimming, there will be a diving exhibition by the Keifer sisters, and one of McGill's Life Saving classes will be giving a demonstration. Many of the acts promise to be interesting and entertaining. There will surely be something for all those who are interested in any water sport. Students from any school will be allowed in for 50c, so bring your friends; all others, \$1.00. Come see your team, enjoy the show, and give Women's Athletics your support.

continued on page 5

## BARTENDING COURSE

To Begin March 12 at 8 P.M.

Registration: Today from 3-5 P.M. in SBB04

Registration Fee: \$10

Monday from 7:30 - 8:00 p.m. in SBB04

## McGill Film Society



## Suspense Series:

"Ministry of Fear" (U.S. 1944)  
directed by Fritz Lang  
at 7:00

"The Third Man" (Brit. 1950)  
directed by Sir Carol Reed  
at 9:30

Friday, March 9 in L132. 50c

## Saturday Series:

"Strawdogs" (U.S. 1971)  
directed by Sam Peckinpah  
with Dustin Hoffman  
at 7:00 and 9:30

Saturday, March 10 in  
PSCA/FDAA - 75c  
Tel. 392-8934

## WORLD CAMPUS AFLOAT



WCA, Chapman College, Box CC40, Orange, Cal. 92666

## Discover the World on Your SEMESTER AT SEA

Sails each September & February

Combine accredited study with educational stops in Africa, Australasia and the Orient. Over 7500 students from 450 campuses have already experienced this international program. A wide range of financial aid is available. Write now for free catalog:

# PGSS

Post-Graduate Students' Society

## OPEN MEETING

March 30, 1973

Friday

5:15 pm

at

Thomson House  
(3650 McTavish)

Agenda: the amended  
constitution

All post-graduate students  
are invited to attend.



by susan wheeler

## US sponsors Philippine dictator

To the list of revolutionary hotbeds, we must now add the Philippines, says D. Boone Schirmer.

Schirmer, historian and author, has been speaking in various places around McGill during the past few days on "Marcos' Dictatorship and American Involvement in the Philippines."

American involvement in the Philippines began with President McKinley's decision to annex the islands in 1900 from Spain. McKinley claimed to have heard the "voice of God" telling him to annex the islands.

Schirmer proposes that we look instead to the natural resources and strategic position with regard to the rest of Southeast Asia for an explanation of the American decision to annex.

Domestic American reaction to the annexation assumed massive proportions. William Jennings Bryan, running on a platform that condemned annexation, received 6 million votes in the 1900 presidential election, compared to the 7 million that made McKinley the victor. This widespread dissatisfaction of the American people, while insufficient to deter the annexation, did have a long-term effect on U.S. foreign policy. In the face of such widespread opposition to a policy of outright colonization: economic domination and military intervention, Schirmer calls this policy "neocolonialism."

During the period of American colonization from 1900 to 1946, the Philippines was transformed into an agrarian export economy, a market for American manufactured goods, and an American military stronghold.

The United States granted the Philippines its independence in July, 1946. Hailed by the bourgeois press as a "showcase of democracy", its economic relationship with the US changed little with formal political independence.

Schirmer attributes the independence to an attempt to defuse the growing militance of the Huks, a communist-led nationalist movement.

The original Philippine constitution required 60% domestic ownership of Philippine-based enterprises. Due to pressure from the United States, a "parity amendment" was added, dropping this requirement for the same privileges for Philippine entrepreneurs in the US. Need we speculate on the "parity" of this amendment? The American economy is hardly in danger of a takeover by Philippine businessmen. This parity is purely one-sided.

Another amendment was added which guaranteed the right of maintaining US military bases in the Philippines for 99 years.

The Huks, active in leading the struggle against the Japanese in World War II, retained their arms after peace was declared and opposed these two amendments.

The most recent upsurge of popular revolt is due to the miserable living conditions of the masses of Philippine people. Malnutrition is widespread and there is 8% unemployment. 25% of the population is underemployed, i.e. they do not earn enough to survive. Prices have been rising rapidly while wages have remained fairly stable. The number of tenant farmers who pay between 60 and 75% of their crops to the landlords has in-



Supporters of the New Peoples' Army put up anti-Government poster in the Philippines.

creased from 39 to 46% of the population. All this under 20 years of the "parity amendment."

American companies control all strategic industry and investment attracted by the high rate of return, amounts to two or three billion dollars annually. Profits in the Philippines are 18% compared to 14% in the United States. Profits in the food processing and extractive industries are even higher, amounting to 25 or 35%.

Large scale opposition to the government has forced President Ferdinand Marcos to suspend the constitution and set up a military dictatorship with himself at its head. According to one government report, the guerrilla forces of the New Peoples' Army consist of 1000

regular fighters, 10,000 active supporters, and 100,000 sympathizers. In addition, the Moslem minority in the southern Philippines has been leading a struggle against racial discrimination and for land.

The peasants and students have been in the forefront of the opposition. When Marcos announced the dictatorship in September 1972, there were 30,000 residents of Manila out in the streets. The middle class opposes his protection of American investment; and even the hierarchy of the Catholic Church opposes him.

Against this background of intense political unrest, Marcos established his military dictatorship to allow a centralization of power necessary to combat opposition.

Another reason is the fact that the parity amendment runs out in 1974. If the Constitution were to be applied, this would mean that U.S. firms would have to turn over 60% ownership of companies to the Philippines, as upheld in a Supreme Court decision.

In addition, a third presidential term is not allowed under the existing constitution, and by suspending the constitution Marcos can retain control.

Furthermore, offshore oil rights, until now controlled tightly, will be relaxed in favor of the Americans, guaranteeing American support for the Marcos regime.

Marcos himself attributes the establishment of the dictatorship to the "voice of God" telling him to counteract the communist threat.

The US is heavily committed to support the Marcos regime. The amount of aid for police training coming from the Americans amounted to 1 million dollars in 1968. In 1973, this amount was almost quadrupled to 3.9 million dollars.

Marcos is extremely isolated and depends on American support to remain in power. Schirmer compares Marcos' precarious situation to that of Thieu in Vietnam. At a certain point, the Americans may decide that the large scale opposition to Marcos is overwhelming, and at that point, Marcos will probably be toppled.

# Heidelberg

Brewed from pure spring water.



And that's the truth!



## Part 1

by John O'Neil

During my stay in Ireland a couple of months ago, I managed to spend five days in Belfast. Although the main reason for this visit was to advance my knowledge of the Republican movement, I also wanted to test the validity of the media's coverage of the war. One could dispute the connotation of the word "war" if one totally relied on the great coverage of the situation we receive here in Montreal. Not until you are a witness to the calamity in Northern Ireland, do you realize the cruelty and suffering that takes place every day. Northern Ireland is at war; the British are an invading force and will have to leave before any solutions to the basic problem are considered.

Towards the end of my second day in Dublin, I took an afternoon train for Belfast. The Dublin-Belfast train route is one of the favorite targets for bombings by the groups concerned with intimidating the IRA. I was to meet a Republican family at the station since I had been encouraged not to take a taxi in Belfast unless I knew the drivers or carried a gun. The majority of the taxi drivers are members of the Protestant terrorist, criminal-like Ulster Defense Association and will automatically drive a customer who requests a ride into a Catholic district into a Protestant area to intimidate and, sometimes, murder him.

In the Dublin train station, everyone was frisked for arms and bombs. This was the first sign of an anti-personal feeling that is ordinarily not a part of Irish custom. There were about seven or eight other people sharing my car, all looking into space, no one conversing with anyone. (It was like being back in Montreal). The pressure of where I was headed made me want to think about the chances for survival in Belfast.

Just outside of Newry, the situation became visible. Five army security guards, all dressed in camouflage battle garb and carrying machine guns, boarded the train and went about inspecting each individual.

About ten miles outside of Belfast the war

# Visit to Belfast

of slogans commenced. Incidentally, to the stranger, the slogans are one of the few comforts one can rely on for they let you know what religious district you are entering. The first slogan, written on an Ulsterbus garage, was "Fuck the Pope", showing the mentality of the Orangeman who wrote it.

After disembarking from the train into London-type foggy weather (they even brought their weather over with them), I searched for my protectors. Entering the main terminus, I was hit with a feeling of insecurity, since the huge empty building had the appearance of a New York subway station (except for the seven or eight British soldiers hanging about). The first smile I received came from the F. family who came to meet me. After leaving the terminus, I was confronted by another building across the road which had been recently bombed out, but still had the Union Jack flying high.

The F. family resided in Andersonstown, a small Catholic section of Belfast. After dropping in for a cup of tea, they suggested taking me out to Saint Paul's, one of the few Catholic drinking places still in operation. All other Catholic bars were either burnt, bombed out, or closed by the British Army. Even Saint Paul's is an illegal drinking place since it is ordinarily a football dressing room that has been fitted with a few tables. The people of Andersonstown have a habit of "letting everything out" on Saturday night by having a few social drinks

with their friends to release the tensions caused by their current troubles.

We set out for the ten minute ride to Saint Paul's, but during it we encountered many of the problems confronting the Catholic citizens. The first thing I noticed was the absence of street lights. The British army has had all the street lights in all the Catholic areas turned off. This is to give the IRA a disadvantage. The reason being that the British army has equipped their men with nightsights for their rifles, so they can see in the dark without any problem. Obviously the IRA cannot afford such modern equipment.

On account of the dangers of walking about in an unlit district, many of the people carry lanterns or torches or have their front door lights turned on; this rarely helps for the British soldiers make it their business to smash the house lights with their rifle butts.

Needless to say, nothing of this sort takes place in any of the Protestant areas.

Another tactic of the Army is to place ramps across many of the streets in the Catholic areas. These are layers of tar approximately a foot and a half in elevation making it necessary to slow down to a maximum of 5 mph to keep your car upright. During the entire ride, British patrols of about four to five men, armed with machine guns were cautiously watching every car go by. Occasionally, single shots were heard.

Once inside Saint Paul's, however, the

atmosphere changed. Everyone was exuberantly happy as they bought rounds for their friends. This is where I met my first group of IRA Provos and other men just released from Long Kesh, the camp where they were interned. The people enjoyed themselves but never really forgot the activities outside. Many of the people I met deeply appreciated my interest in coming to Belfast, but really hoped I would not forget the atrocities that I was to witness in their city.

Although I was under the impression that most of the gunfights would take place during the night, only a few shots were fired and one bomb went off. The thought of not knowing where the next bomb was to be placed kept me from sleeping that night. The next day I found out the gunfire had been just down the street from where I was staying, but the bomb blast had been a couple of miles away. I was gently teased for a nervous wreck on account of my experiences during the night, but I also was aware of the attitude of the people I was staying with. They were completely bland to the action that took place that night and were only worried about my feelings. I soon realized that a certain amount of gunfire, bombs, and British soldiers initiate you into becoming a Belfast citizen that doesn't even bat an eye when a bomb goes off. The people have been made callous and any visitor soon becomes the same way.

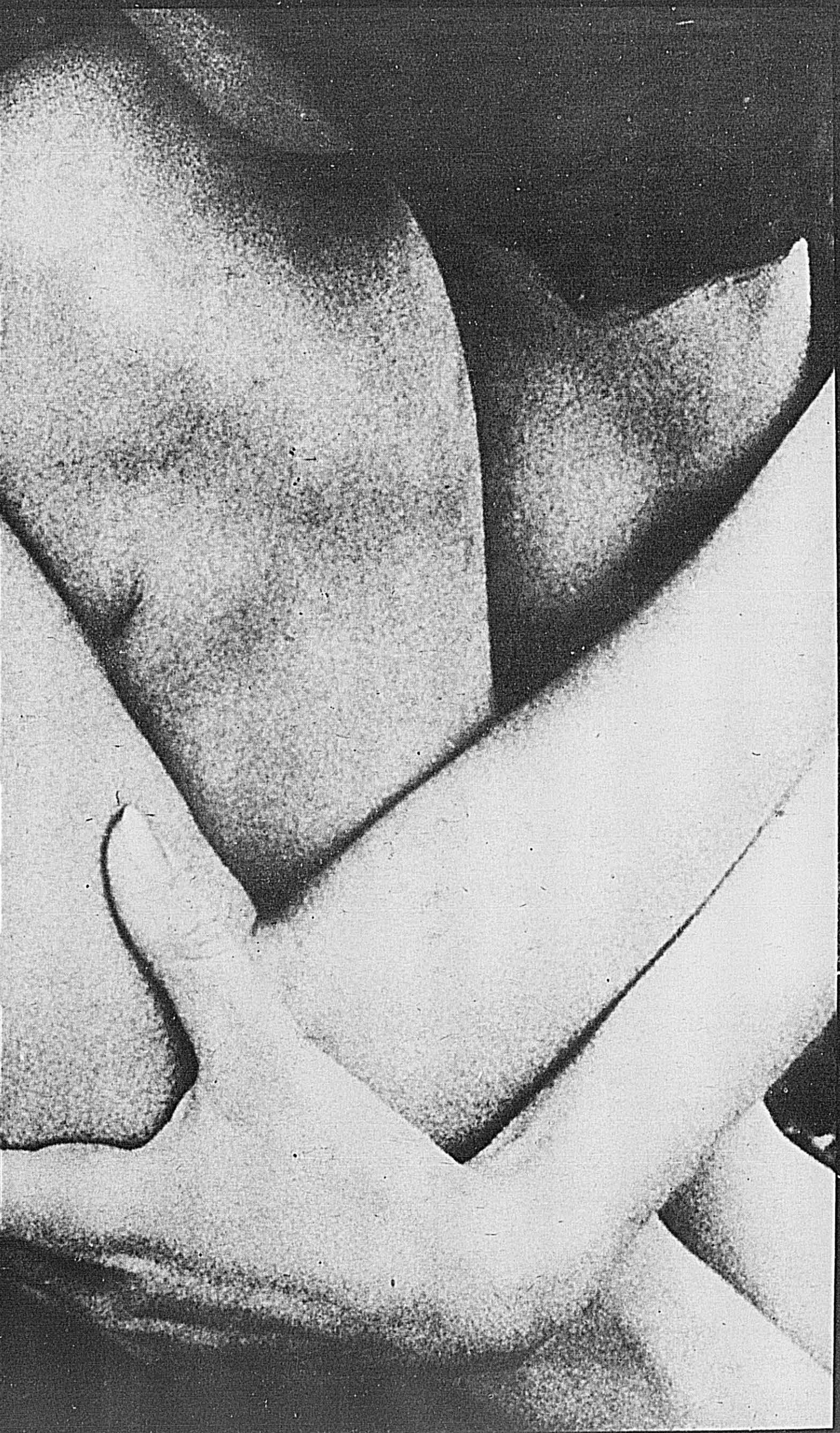
After attending Mass, I was given a guided tour around Andersonstown, Lenadon, and Ballymurphy. I saw the prison-like setup of Andersonstown. In each corner of the town the British army have built a fort used for surveillance. Pillboxes are spread all around the town. At each fort there are high rise towers with search lights made to shine all over the town. One of the largest forts is located next to the Catholic church. It was an ugly sight; camouflage pillboxes and army tanks driving about. There was a continuous flow of armed soldiers watching the people on their way to church. The army has taken over many public build-

continued on page 7





# THE REVIEWS





# A woman-identified jazz musician



**linda page-hollander**

Beverly Glenn-Copeland is a musical genius, an imaginative composer whose music makes the finest jazz musicians pleased to jam with her, a superb vocal technician who has added funky, bluesy, folksy, and oriental techniques to a flawless classical training, and a really great chicken screamer.

She has been referred to as a "woman-identified woman" by Montreal's Logos and Toronto's Other Woman. Why?

**BEVERLY:** It's pretty obvious in my songs.

**LINDA:** 'I'm so oppressed by housework and kids.' Nothing so obvious as that.

(Example of the lyrics to one song:)

God's in his heaven  
and I'm in mine  
god's in his majesty  
diamond blind  
god's in her visions  
centreshine  
god's in her wisdom  
body wine.

**Beverly Glenn-Copeland**  
BMI Canada

**BEVERLY:** I'm called woman-identified because I've always worked with women in my music and in the things associated with it. Look at my album, for instance... I set poems by Judith Weiss, the front cover is a painting by Marlene Bloomstone, the photographs are by Michaela Puthon and Anita Lerec helped with the design. All I didn't have was women musicians backing me up, and I'm about to change that.

**LINDA:** what about the producer.. are you looking for a woman for that job?

**BEVERLY:** No, no, don't have any intention of insisting on a woman producer or a woman anything. I just like to work with my friends, and I have a lot of women friends.

There are some other reasons, too, for the label "woman-identified." There's a great absence of clearly identifiable male objects in my songs, and that is not what's expected of a woman songwriter. It's not emphasis on women, but a lack of traditional emphasis on men that made people give me that label. People listened to my music and didn't hear the usual emphasis on male objects and so they decided I was woman-identified. I am not a woman singing about her man.

But a lot of that is bullshit. Women singers have been concerned with just about everything - Buffy St. Marie, for example, and many, many others. But these examples haven't yet destroyed the expectation that women sing about men.

I'm glad to be called a woman-identified singer. But I'm not working to come up with woman identification. I'm just doing what I'm doing. Like the song "Meditation in Yellow." You can sing these words to a man, a woman, a guitar, a star, a baby, a table.... the whole trip.

"May it be with you  
as you want it to  
in the season's hand  
just in what I am  
time and place  
just a tiny space.

May it be with me  
to its unity  
flowing 'mongst the stars  
just in what you are  
space and peace  
sweet eternity.

You are all things.

Just a life about us  
live it while we may  
if it passed without us  
we could not come this way.

The pain mixed with the pleasure  
tastes so bittersweet  
so like a sunken treasure  
in waters deep.

Just a hope between us  
hold it while we may  
you know nothing frees us  
that we can take away.

You cannot stay beside me  
you must go your own path  
just look beside the highways  
for the broken glass.

May it be with us  
in eternal trust  
flowering 'mongst the hills  
in the forest still  
time and place  
just a quiet space."

**Beverly Glenn-Copeland**  
(BMI Canada)

**LINDA:** What about women in performances?

**BEVERLY:** once again, women's whole trip has been men, except in jazz. Women pop musicians were treated like bodies. We were expected to be on stage with a tambourine and be the sexual focal point for all the men who were then supposed to go out and buy the album. I've never performed like that, and I think things are changing—not just as a freaky fad, either.

For one thing, in popular music, women all of a sudden started to play... get this... the piano. People thought, "Oh, oh, some intellect is required to play piano." But along comes Carole King, and when that sort of thing started happening in popular music, the categories started breaking down.

Roberta Flack and Carole King began another tradition on stage. And whereas there have always been a lot of women guitar players, they haven't been noticed. Now Joni Mitchell is noticed.

Before, women were noticed for their voice and their looks. Now that's changing, just from the force of womanhood coming along. We're being noticed for our music.

**LINDA:** Your music is classified by your reviewers in so many different ways—some call it a mixture of classical and popular, some say it's jazz or blues or folk.

**BEVERLY:** Jazz musicians say they enjoy playing with me, and the chords I use are certainly jazz chords, even though I use funky rhythms so people can keep at least one foot on solid ground. But the agents who do bookings look at my acoustic guitars and their minds flash "FOLKSINGER."

**LINDA:** But you'd really like to be considered a jazz musician.

**BEVERLY:** I think with a lot of work I'll be a good jazz musician. In about ten years, that's where I'd like to be.

Beverly says she has always known she would be a musician always wanted to be a musician, and has always worked toward being a musician. She studied voice for ten years, and spent six years in music at McGill. She recently returned to Montreal from Toronto where she spent the last four years developing her repertoire and putting out an album on the GRT label. A second album is being negotiated.



photos by michael bryans



# Press the psychological shift key

Women and Madness  
by Phyllis Chesler, Ph.D.  
Doubleday & Co.  
360 pp.

phyllis platt

Phyllis Chesler writes forcefully and compellingly about the plight of the women who are judged insane in our society. Regrettably, her attempts at a political analysis of women's position in the western world and how to change it are less successful.

**Women and Madness** documents the treatment of women in asylums, the attitudes of clinicians toward their female patients, and some possible reasons for madness in women. Chesler interviews five groups about their psychiatric experiences — women who have had sex with their therapists, women who've been hospitalized in mental asylums, lesbian women, Third World women, and women who consider themselves feminists. These interviews are the most fascinating part of the book, clearly illustrating the inhumane, brutal treatment women are handed down by the psychiatric powers-that-be.

In many institutions, the prodigal administration of drugs, electric shock treatments and insulin therapy is used to control women who are often reacting healthily to intolerable situations. Husbands frequently commit their wives on the slightest pretext, as an easy method of getting them out of the way. Men, according to Chesler, are less willing to put up with depression and neurosis in their mates than are women. "... my husband wouldn't wait long. If I didn't sleep one night he would find me in the kitchen sitting by the window. Then he'd take me right away (to the mental asylum). He wouldn't wait to see how bad off I was. He'd take me right away." How many women could do the same?

The interviews also indicate how poorly many women are served by private therapists. One of the women who was seduced by her psychiatrist reported:

"He was always after me to lay on the couch and I didn't want to. When I finally did he would lay down next to me. I didn't want to sleep with him — I was very depressed after it happened. I remember thinking: Well, if I allow this then maybe he'll be more affectionate... He jumped right up afterwards and went back to his typewriter. He didn't seem to notice that I was sad. That I hadn't had an orgasm. All he said was 'you don't mind if I don't take you home — I've got so much work to do.'" (Masters and Johnson were alarmed to discover the



Insane Asylum: Crowded ward of New York Lunatic Asylum, Blackwell's Island, 1868.

number of women participating in their studies who said they had sex with their psychiatrists.)

More important than the sexual risks run by women seeking help are the constant attempts therapists make to "re-integrate" women into the situation which has been driving them mad in the first place. Women are exhorted to be more "feminine" and to accept their role as wife and mother, even when that role has become unbearable. Chesler quotes Bruno Bettelheim as saying "... as much as women want to be good scientists and engineers, they want, first and foremost, to be womanly companions of men and to be mothers." Woe is the woman who refuses to accept this pronouncement, unless her psychiatrist is singularly "enlightened". The real tragedy is that even if therapists encourage their patients to examine possible escape from an unhealthy situation, women in particular find it economically extremely difficult to strike out on their own, having had no adequate job training, and facing a society in which jobs are scarce and in which women are used as cheap reserve labour, if at all.

Lesbian women suffer most acutely from the "pro-feminine" orientation. They are pressured by both male and female therapists to engage in heterosexual activity, and lesbian relationships are quickly suppressed in institutions, whether the women are benefitting from them or not. Chesler is strongly supportive of lesbians, and quotes extensively from *Love Between Women* by



France's oldest mental asylum, the Salpêtrière, reserved special wards for old and indigent women, prostitutes, pregnant women and young girls.

babies", etc.). She believes that this control can only be realized if women first make a psychological shift, emphasizing an achievement of individual power.

"Woman's primary ego-identity is rooted in a concern for limited and specific 'others,' and for what pleases a few men. Woman's ego-identity must somehow shift and be moored upon what is necessary for her own survival as a strong individual... From a psychological point of view, as I have noted, it is somewhat irrelevant whether a woman achieves this ego-shift as a 'Communist' or as a 'capitalist'; as a liberal reformer or as a guerrilla in training; as an 'individualist' or as a 'collectivist'; as a lesbian or as a heterosexual, or as a bisexual woman; as a biological or non-biological mother or not as a mother... Only such a radical psychological act will make it possible for women to begin to try their hands at solving the issues of divisions among women based on class, race and age... Those women involved in such an ego-transformation would, by necessity, withdraw from all human interactions which are not extremely supportive of their survival and achievement of individual power."

I quote the above passage to illustrate Chesler's basically anarchistic, individualistic approach to the liberation of women. To say that political orientation is "somewhat irrelevant" in the ego-shift struggle, and then to stress that this shift be directed toward an achievement of individual power is, to say the least, slightly contradictory. A search for individual power is certainly a political act, though definitely not a Communist or collectivist one. True, women must strive to become strong, self-confident people. But for all of us to become Amazons, and cut ourselves off from men with a progressive political outlook, would be as divisive and destructive as if French and English Quebec workers split over the language issue. Liberation is a class question, and both men and women must struggle against sexism as part of a greater struggle toward the liberation of all oppressed peoples. If every woman is off fighting her own personal, psychological battle, and refusing to participate in any "interaction which is not supportive of her achievement of individual power", we may end up with a lot more female professionals, but we certainly won't end up with liberation for women.

Read the book for a clear and chilling picture of women's struggle with madness in our society, but be on your guard against Chesler's tendency to beg the liberation issue by continually putting the psychiatric cart before the class-struggle horse.

Charlotte Wolff, who views the lesbian as a virile, free woman, resembling the Amazons of matriarchal times. Chesler's own fascination with Amazon women is evident throughout the book. These warriors of the ancient past who coupled with neighboring male tribes for the sake of procreation alone, then either killed or maimed the male progeny, serve her as mythical heroines who had the power and freedom to do as they pleased. She seems to hold them up as ideals to imitate. However, though Chesler sees the Amazons as proud and strong and free women who could do without men in matriarchal societies—she also says, "... I must suggest that male homosexuality, in patriarchal society (her emphasis), is a basic and extreme expression of phallus worship, misogyny, and the colonization of certain female and/or 'feminine' functions." Were the Amazons vagina-worshipping, manhating, colonizers of certain male functions? Perhaps they were, but Chesler somehow (and I may be misinterpreting her) makes Amazons sound great, and homosexuals sound vaguely suspect.

Chesler contrasts present-day reality with myth to show women's loss of power and mother-daughter love (see the Demeter-Persephone myths). She feels that women's madness has its roots in this loss, and that they cannot regain psychological equilibrium without taking control of the means of production, and without ridding themselves of the burden of reproduction (via uterus implantation in men, "test-tube



# Think Pink

Mother was not a person  
compiled by Margret Andersen  
Jointly published by Content Publishing  
Ltd. and Black Rose Books. 272 PP.  
\$3.95.

vivien perelman

The Women's Lib Movement' is something which I have little sympathy for, as visions of Ms. Steinam and Greer dance in my mind, the prospect of reading and even worse reviewing an anthology of women's writing seemed to me to be, at the very best, a dull task. And so, armed with a pack of cigarettes and a somewhat sarcastic, though not vicious pen, I faced the challenge.

In reading *Mother was not a person*, I was for the most part pleasantly surprised. The book is an anthology of poetry, letters, short essays and critiques emerging from a class on "Women in Modern Society" given at Loyola last year. Although there are what can be considered some 'famous' contributors, most of the pieces are written by students of varying ages, abilities and political opinions. Thus the book presents itself as a melange of anger, humor, fantasies, distortions, creativity, criticism and analysis.

One of the first pieces is a glimpse at the content of children's books and songs, from the infamous 'Dick, Jane and Sally' series to Rumpelstiltskin. One can see that however innocent 'Spot' and 'Puff' appear to be, they are in fact portraying definite attitudes and encouraging the development of well-defined roles for both men and women. The essay is not particularly well-researched, and its solution is rather nebulous. However, it was an interesting piece in that it pointed to some obvious, yet unrealized truths.

Another essay, *The Becoming of Caroline* by Margaret Gillett, is the mythical story of the average middle class girl and how she will grow in our society. Reprinted from a convocation address, the story attempts to show why girls develop into stereotypes and not into themselves, not into "Caroline". Again interesting on a level, again a call for the recognition of individual talents, again no real answer as to how we should go about changing these destructive attitudes.

One of the more creative aspects of the anthology are the poems—some original, others reprinted from various sources. Apparently light-hearted yet piercing, I found that two of the women, Mary Melfi and Mary Yuill deserve attention. For example, *You Know The Type* by Mary Yuill—

Turn down the lamp love  
and let's go to bed  
but first walk the dog love  
You heard what I said.  
Turn down the lamp love  
when you've locked the door  
and put out the cat love  
that's just one thing more.  
Do you want some tea love  
with cinnamon bread?  
You do love?

Then bring some  
up here to bed!  
Don't leave the lamp love  
remember the bill  
and now that you're here love  
will you take the pill

Witty, precise, effective. Another poem, from Margaret Atwood's *Power Politics* expresses, with a certain sophistication and artistic awareness, the deceptions people use to taunt each other—

We are hard on each other  
and call it honesty,  
choosing our jagged truths  
with care and aiming them across  
the neutral table.

The things we say are  
true; it is our crooked  
aims, our choices  
turn them criminal.  
...If I love you  
is that a fact or a weapon?

The section on women and the media, in particular, the article *Women in Advertising* is one of the poorer pieces in the book. After two pages of documenting the condescending attitude of advertisers from the Man from Glad to the White Knight, the author implores the companies to portray women with a certain amount of intelligence and dignity. "...Show us with a reasonable standard of human behavior and decent feelings...Stop talking down to women. Talk to us."

That'll do it. Dignify the advertisements and all will be well. Not only is the plea totally inadequate and lacking in substance, but in effect works against the dignity of all people. For what would the possibility of 'good' advertising really do? Primarily consumption would increase and the need to consume, real or otherwise, would also increase. Both of which serves a very privileged few. Certainly the humanization of advertising is no improvement to the present state of women, or anyone else for that matter!

In a vibrant and sensitive series of letters, women implore, criticize and compliment various authors and painters. The letter to Virginia Woolf struck me as particularly poignant. In describing her delight in having her own room as a child, the author remembers how she "wallowed in its freedom like in nude midnight swimming." Other letters range from an attack on Leonard Cohen to an expression of

acute disappointment in Saint-Exupery's *The Little Prince*.

The discussions on *Women and their Bodies* and on *The Royal Commission Report* were (excepting *The Status of Women in Canada* by Lucia Kowaluk and most of the poetry) rather dry and mundane. Nothing particularly new, surprising, creative or even simply well-presented. I think one must judge pieces in an anthology as to their individual worth as well as to their value to the book as a whole. In general, the articles in these sections miss the grade on both accounts.

The final two sections—one on feminism and one a critique of the feminist movement—are both notably well written. However the arguments for feminism lack an objective analysis; rather, they are polemic pleas for some amorphous, mythical sisterhood. Come now. What concretely is the meaning of sisterhood in our present society? Worse than a merely utopian vision, it is a mask for ignoring the basic class contradictions in capitalist society. Would it make any difference for a working woman to be exploited by women as opposed to men? Sisterhood?

On the other hand the final essay, *Ideology, Class and Liberation* by Marlene Dixon does present a clear and well-defined analysis, a notable exception in the anthology. In her criticism of the feminist movement she explains that:

"It all becomes painfully clear. From the self-interested position of a middle class woman, Viet Nam can be written off as 'penis' war which women (who will never be soldiers) should ignore in order to press for liberation on the sexual front; imperialism is a wicked trick on the part of male chauvinist domineering elites and their female dupes whom women should ignore while fighting for day care for students and faculty; or while forging ahead with the abortion protests at the legislature..."

Although the book admits openly that it is written for and by middle class women, it can in no way be considered a book on the liberation of women. Why? Because, either directly or indirectly it ignores the question of the majority of women, that is, the working class women. Therefore the book cannot even purport to truly be "Writings of Montreal women".

Recognition of issues is seen as a major step towards a human society. Changes in beliefs, from "the repeal of doctors' attitudes" concerning abortion to "decent" advertising is seen as a solution. It seems naive to believe that bonds of sisterhood or editorials in *Ms* can in any real way effect fundamental changes in our society. Rather, there can be no truly human or dignified life for women or men as we live in a capitalist society whose fundamental basis is one of exploitation.





Virginia Woolf: A Biography by Quentin Bell  
Hogarth Press (two volumes) 300 pp. \$12.00  
per volume

susanne greenhalgn

"Suppose one woke and found oneself a fraud. It was part of my madness, that horror."

How complacently we tend to accept the easy catch-phrases about genius and madness, the conventional romantic image of the melancholic writer sinking gracefully into an artistically-arranged suicide. There is more than a touch of necrophilia in our interest; biographical exploration takes on an air of grave-robbing. It is



conscious that to the outside world, they might simply appear to be mad, or worse still, that they really were mad... that her art, and therefore herself, was a kind of sham, an idiot's dream of no value to anyone."

It was this doubt that constantly haunted her, lying in wait even at her happiest times, when the sight of a kingfisher could make her day memorable, or she felt a true sense of where her conception of the novel was taking her—"... no scaffolding: scarcely a brick to be seen; all crepuscular, but the heart, the passion, humour, everything as bright as fire in the mist. Then I'll find room for so much—a gaiety—an inconsequence—a lightspirited stepping at my sweet will."

Ultimately it is to her novels, and not to her life and senseless death, that we must turn for the triumphant denial of Virginia Woolf's recurring despair.

# A fin rising on a wide blank sea

thirty-two years almost to the day since Virginia Woolf walked away from her home and happy marriage, leaving her walking-stick on the river-bank at the place where she killed herself by drowning. Like that silent marker, like the "fin rising on a wide blank sea," which was her image for the first tremor of mental illness, that moment returns to trouble the imagination, and to instil a fresh realization of the demands that creativity makes upon the true artist.

Quentin Bell's biography is, inevitably, the record of the progress of a mental disease to its disastrous conclusion. But it is also far more—a story of gaiety and courage in the face of growing horror, of great achievement built from moments of profound despair. The linear beauty of the woman reaches out to us from her friends' snapshots and reminiscences, but her nephew has done something to capture the living essence of her charm, the movement, the sudden laughter, the bright flashes of malice and affection. In doing so he has preserved his child's eye view, in which the arrival of Aunt Virginia to tea was a treat, "a warm capricious breeze blowing in from the southwest and bringing with it a kind of amazed joy. Of the miseries of her life, they were allowed to know nothing, nor did it seem in their company that she could be unhappy."

Certain facts stand out—the torment, in the period following her mother's death, of the incestuous attentions of her half-brother, George Duckworth.

"...what had started with pure sympathy ended by becoming a nasty erotic skirmish...Virginia felt that George had spoilt her life before it had fairly begun. Naturally shy in sexual matters she was from this time terrified back into a posture of frozen and defensive panic."

We see, too, her intense feminism, her hatred for that aggression which the concept of "masculinity" represented. She considered a marriage of minds with Lytton Strachey, a practising homosexual who would make no demands on her frigidity. She felt her strongest sexual attraction (probably never very strong) to women, but finally married a passionate Jewish socialist called Leonard Woolf.

It is with this marriage that the dis-

cussion of her mental state takes on a new poignancy. Leonard was never told the full extent of his wife's illness but was left to discover it for himself when she attempted suicide after finishing work on *The Voyage Out*, a year after their wedding. Only Virginia's own letters and diaries are more evocative of the suffering of these and later times than Leonard's terse entries in his diary noting his wife's condition: "V.f.w., V.s.h., g.n., f.g.n., b.n." ('Virginia fairly well, Virginia slight headache, good night, fairly good night, bad night'). The completion of every piece of writing was accompanied by a balancing act on the tightrope of sanity during which Leonard's austere regime of complete rest had to compete with Virginia's own love of conversation, social gatherings, all the frantic brilliance of her life at the center of literary London.

Bloomsbury to us today appears as an exotic game preserve in which certain rare species were saved from extinction for a few more years. Its inhabitants sheltered behind their in-jokes and gossip, their whimsical nicknames and party games, until the bombs which destroyed their houses also destroyed the spiritual fabric—the shabby elegance, the bright neuroticism, the ambivalent sexuality and careful bohemianism.

What had this narrow world to do with the Britain of the Depression and the General Strike? What relevance can its unstated code of social exclusiveness have

now? E.M. Forster was gay, and Virginia Woolf was a feminist, but even such fashionable qualifications can scarcely justify the continuing interest in the anecdotes and house-parties of fifty years ago. What is important is the stature of the works which were created within that gilt-and-ivory cage, the unique quality of experience conveyed as truthfully and lucidly as possible. If the vision is limited the writers are at least aware of it, and do not seek to go beyond their self-made boundaries.

Virginia may arrange lectures on V.D. for the wives of men in the trenches, she may lend her name to anti-Nazi propaganda, but at the center of her life is her writing:

"Her novels were very close to her own private imaginings; she was always







# Socialist realism or dogmatism

sheldon goldfarb

"There is no question that literature is least of all subject to mechanical adjustment or levelling, to the rule of the majority over the minority. ... the literary side of the proletarian party cause cannot be mechanically identified with its other sides. ... Far be it for us to advocate any kind of standardized system."

— Lenin

"Our writing must remain individual in form and be socialist and Leninist in its basic content."

— Gorky

"Realist means laying bare society's causal network, writing from the standpoint of the class that has prepared the broadest solutions for the most pressing problems affecting human society, emphasizing the dynamics of development. ... We will not stick to unduly detailed literary models or force the artist to follow over-precise rules for telling a story. ... Realism is not a pure question of form."

— Brecht

Three weeks ago, *The Review* ran an article on Gorky, Brecht, and socialist realism. The article related some interesting information about the life and works of Maxim Gorky, the first socialist realist. To this extent, it was very welcome. Unfortunately, the article then proceeded to contrast Brecht and Gorky, attacking the former as not being a socialist realist.

The analysis of Brecht contained many subtle distortions of Brecht's views. Worse, the article seemed to be putting forth a very narrow interpretation of socialist realism.

Socialist realism is a question not of form, but of content. A socialist realist work must reveal the essence of reality; it must show the world in its development so that it can be understood and mastered; it must stimulate revolutionary impulses. To do this, such a work must embody a socialist world outlook and a commitment to the working class.

But one cannot go beyond this and lay down specific rules of form or style that a work must follow to be socialist realism. To claim that only one form of writing (e.g. Gorky's) is socialist realist and all others (e.g. Brecht's) are not is formalism. In

fact, it is probably true that variety of styles is a basic law of socialist realism.

Gorky's view, incidentally, was not at all dogmatic or formalist. He approved of and authorized Brecht's dramatization of Gorky's novel *Mother*, even though Brecht's artistic techniques differed greatly from Gorky's. Gorky approved because the content was the same in both the play and the novel.

Brecht's position was similar. "It must never be forgotten," he said, "that non-Aristotelian theatre is only one form of theatre; ... I myself can use both Aristotelian and non-Aristotelian theatre in certain productions."

The attack on Brecht also distorted what Brecht really said. He never said that a play should be watched with "philosophical detachment". The term he used was "critical detachment". The difference is crucial. "Philosophical" implies interpre-

tation without action; "critical" implies analysis with a view to action.

Brecht did want to prevent identification with the characters in his plays. But this does not mean that he wanted his audience "to stand outside of history, to withhold sympathy with the class struggle, and to remain 'objective'."

To stand outside the events on stage cannot be construed as standing outside the class struggle unless one mistakenly believes that the class struggle is taking place on stage. Reality does not and cannot appear on stage; to try to make it do so leads not to realism, but to naturalism, to a mere copying of the details of life without penetrating into the essence of life. "It is also reality," Brecht noted, "that you are sitting in a theatre and not with your eye glued to a keyhole. How can it be realistic to try to gloss that over?"

Literature is an explanation of reality; it makes reality understood. Brecht's means for doing this was to use a technique that "turns the spectator into an observer, but arouses his capacity for action, forces him to take decisions." His aim in using critical detachment was to prevent the spectators from being swept up in and thus accepting as natural the events on stage. His aim was to inspire questioning, to show the world as changeable, and to get people to change it.

He took a definite ideological stand, not being "objective", saying, "Unless the actor is satisfied to be a parrot or a monkey, he must master our period's knowledge of human social life by himself joining in the war of the classes. ... Nobody can stand above the warring classes, for nobody can stand above the human race. ... Thus, for art to be 'apolitical' means only to ally itself with the ruling group."

Neither was Brecht interested only in stimulating "moral debate". "The object of our inquiries," he said, "was not just to arouse moral objections to such circumstances (hunger, oppression, etc.) ... but to discover means for their elimination. We were not, in fact, speaking in the name of morality, but in that of the victims."

Over and over again, Brecht's plays at-

tack the dehumanizing conditions of capitalism and call for revolutionary change. In *The Mother*, for instance, Brecht exposes the evils of tsarist Russia and then shows the Bolsheviks successfully leading the socialist revolution. Is this "objectivity" or lack of involvement in the class struggle?

But, then, the attack on Brecht ignored this play and instead made a comparison between the mothers in Gorky's *Mother* and Brecht's *Mother Courage*. Why not compare the mothers in Gorky's *Mother* and Brecht's *Mother*?

In effect, Brecht, in *Mother Courage*, was criticized for not telling the same story Gorky told in *Mother*; but Brecht had already dealt with that subject in his own version of *Mother*. Why should he have told it again?

Brecht was criticized because "the mother in *Courage* has the mentality of a petty bourgeois shopkeeper". It is true that the mother has such a mentality — for the simple reason that she is a petty-bourgeois shopkeeper. The implication of the criticism is that Brecht gave a petty-bourgeois mentality to a working-class hero, but *Mother Courage* is not such a hero, and Brecht did not try to make her one.

The point of *Mother Courage* is to show the bankruptcy of *Mother Courage's* petty-bourgeois mentality. And Brecht makes his audience realize this bankruptcy precisely through his critical detachment effects, by preventing people from sympathizing blindly with *Mother Courage*.

Brecht did portray a heroic working-class mother in *The Mother*, and she does not have a petty-bourgeois mentality at all. It was this play that should have been compared with Gorky's novel.

To conclude, the choice presented by the author of the attack on Brecht (the choice between Gorky and Brecht) should be rejected. It is neither necessary nor desirable to choose one or the other. It is much better to accept both as true socialist realists. If a choice must be made, it should be between accepting various styles of socialist realism and canonizing any one style at the expense of all others; it should be between socialist realism and dogmatism.



# Women in Quebec

The following speech was delivered by Mme. Raymonde Charbonneau, wife of imprisoned union leader Yvon Charbonneau, at the Congress of the Ligue des Femmes du Québec, March 3rd and 4th, 1973.

"The invitation to speak here gives me the opportunity to make a personal testimony, first as a unionized worker myself, and also as the wife of a unionist, concerning the imprisonment of Louis Laberge, Marcel Pepin and Yvon Charbonneau.

"I would like to tell you about some of my thoughts of the past few weeks concerning this event, so astonishing for a province which calls itself progressive and liberal.

"My contribution will be to keep alive the memory of Friday, February 2, 1973, to keep alive the memory of the three men imprisoned for having respected the order of their members, to keep alive the hope of the accelerated politicization of the Quebec people, to keep alive the hope that one day, as a people, we will have revenge for their long months of incarceration.

"The day after their incarceration, after having realized that for a good period of time I would not have a union president, however democratically elected, that I would not have a father for my children, that I would not have a husband, I began

to ask myself some questions: How is it that all this could happen to us? Aren't we just ordinary people? To answer this question, I had to go back into the past, far into the past, to re-live our participation in different social movements, re-live our unhappinesses and our political commitments. Specifically, since 1968, Yvon found the way which best answered our need to construct a better world, to give an equal chance to all, whether born of families of the working class or professional class, whether rich or poor, man or woman. This way was unionization. Since then, he has worked without relief, always keeping in mind that bread and butter unionism is not the only thing that human beings require to be happy, but that one also needs good working conditions, job security, communication, human warmth, leisure time and equality-man/woman, woman/man.

"This vision of the well-being of a population for a man of the people who works for the people is obviously not shared by the leaders in the pay of high finance. They scurry around, satisfying their friends with millions in patronage, keeping quiet those who would dare to disturb them by means of quickly passed injunctions, with special repressive measures, by imprisonment. That's good for the people.

"After this reflection, I had the answer to my question: We have left our garden, we are enraged by our lot. It is therefore not surprising that this situation has come to pass.

"For the moment, I am at once father-mother-teacher active unionist-participant in the socio-political committee of the Quebec teachers union; and I am trying to be present everywhere possible where it is said that it is unthinkable to leave the three men in prison any longer as criminals for only wanting to enlarge a little the trap into which we are more or less locked.

"What can we do? Are we left only to cry about our lot before so much injustice? That would really be too pessimistic. I prefer struggle to tears. I know full well that at least one of the three imprisoned union leaders, Yvon, will emerge from his prison more willing than ever to continue with us our own struggle for liberation.

"This liberation belongs as a right to each individual, man and woman, but we will have to win it together.

"As women, we will probably have to work harder for our liberation than our brothers, but the liberation of women does not enter into contradiction with the liberation of the workers. One and all, we are dominated: dominated in our work, just as the men are, and in addition, dominated as women.

"We will have to begin immediately, if we have not already done so, to lead a struggle against capitalism, which is the basis of social classes, by becoming involved in our milieu, by means of constant militance and without cease. Only in this way will we win our liberation.

"In conclusion, let us say that the Liberal government has just made a serious mistake, beneficial for us, in imprisoning Marcel Pepin, Louis Laberge and Yvon Charbonneau. They will have their answer in the next elections. Then they will understand, if indeed they do not already know it, that the workers' representatives hold the real truths.

"They will understand their errors confronted with the thoughts of the ordinary people.

"They will understand that their fine system will no longer fool the Quebec people. The workers burnt by the system, these workers are now our symbols. I say to them: Continue the struggle!

"We women of Quebec are at your side and with you, and we want our own liberation!"

## "...les années les plus pénibles de ma vie..."

The following quotes are taken from *Témoignage d'une Québécoise*, by Manon Lafleur. She tells the story of a woman who marries partly to escape from her family and partly to realize the dream of marriage she'd always heard talked about. The escape proves to be a dead end and the dream becomes a nightmare.

"Eh bien, que je me dis, je ne suis pas une femme comme les autres. Je suis plus forte, capable d'endurer des choses pénibles. La vie n'est pas un bouquet de roses, après tout. Je suis même fière de moi, d'être restée calme et disciplinée comme une sainte. Bravo pour moi.

"R. n'était pas du tout honnête. Cela me faisait de la peine au début, moi, qui n'osais jamais voler un sou, mais finalement je m'y suis habituée. Je vivais avec un petit voleur. On s'habitue à toutes sortes de choses dans la vie.

"Parfois on sortait quand il n'y avait rien de bon à la télévision. Il fallait choisir un film que R. aimait, mais j'acceptais parce que je voulais tellement sortir. On allait jamais voir les genres de films que j'aimais. Il fallait que ça soit des films de guerre ou des westerns. Je m'y habituais.

"Et pour aggraver la situation, R. continuait à m'interroger sur mes dépenses. Il voulait savoir combien je dépensais en vêtements. Il faisait toujours sa crise quand j'arrivais à la maison avec quelque chose de neuf. Jusqu'au point où j'ai commencé à lui cacher mes achats. Des fois quand je sortais avec des amies, j'apportais dans mon sac une nouvelle robe que mon mari ne m'aurait jamais laissée acheter. Je l'enfilais dans la salle de toilette chez Eaton, ou dans un restaurant. Après la soirée, je me rechangeais avant de rentrer.

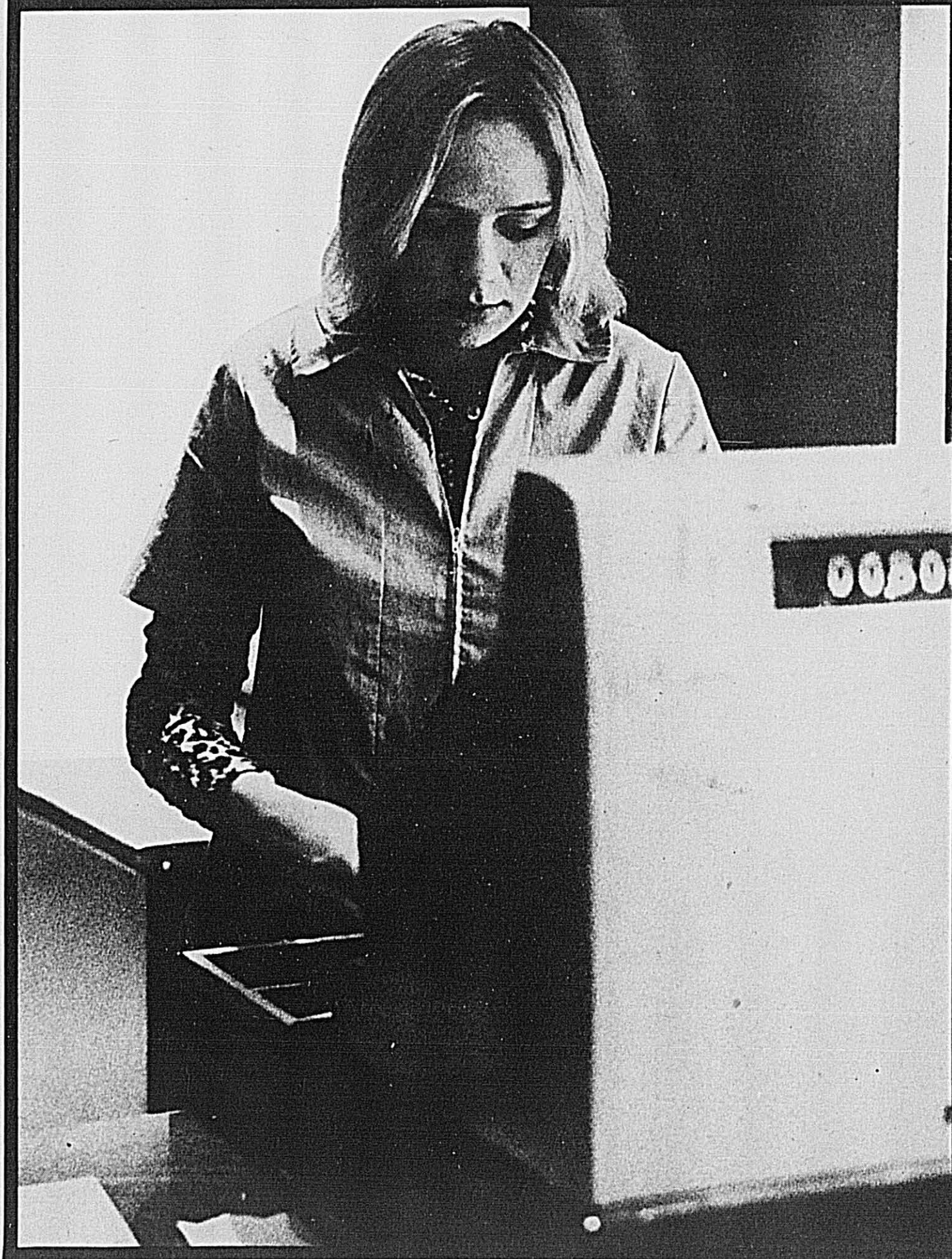
"Enfin le beau rêve de ma vie était crevé. Mon mariage était un échec. Il ne me restait qu'un bout de papier, le certificat de mariage et l'album de photos avec des sourires fabriqués et de vaines espérances. Les 'joies du mariage' dont on m'avait parlé à l'école? Je ne les ai jamais connues. Les seuls moments heureux que j'avais passé avec mon mari étaient ceux du tout début de nos relations quand je ne le connaissais pas encore. Ces beaux jours où un jeune homme me mettait le bras autour de la taille pour m'amener faire une ballade. Les heures qu'on passait ensemble à s'embrasser comme s'il n'y avait pas de lendemain. J'aurais dû l'écouter. Mais je me disais qu'en devenant la femme idéale, je lui donnerais tout. Je m'étais trompée. Après les années les plus pénibles de ma vie, j'ai enfin compris une chose: cet homme qui m'avait épousée n'était même pas un ami pour moi. Dans notre vie à deux j'étais la femme la plus seule au monde.





# INTERNATIONAL WORKING WOMEN

Photos by Joan Mandell





# L EN'S DAY

On March 8, 1908, women garment workers marched through New York City's Lower East Side protesting sweatshop conditions and demanding the vote. At a Congress of Socialist Women meeting in 1910 in Copenhagen, women inspired by recent battles proposed that March 8 be designated as an international women's holiday. Clara Zetkin, militant leader of the world women's movement, urged that the proposal be adopted and it was.

Two of the most significant March 8 celebrations occurred in the next few years. On that day in 1914, Clara Zetkin organized thousands of women to protest both Germany's agitation for war and Rosa Luxemburg's arrest and conviction for speaking out in opposition to the impending war.

On March 8, 1917, striking women textile workers in Petrograd held an International Women's Day demonstration which was part of the struggle that led to the Russian Revolution.

For the past 63 years, International Women's Day has been observed by militant women around the world as a day of solidarity of women in struggle for liberation.





Joan Mandell

Simone de Beauvoir tackles the subject of old age with such exhaustive patience, that *The Coming of Age* is a monumental study.

The book is divided into two sections: *Old Age Seen Without* and *The Being-in-the World*. In the first part she calls skillfully upon evidence from science and art, ethnology, psychology, physiology, medicine, sociology and history in an encyclopedic fashion. In the second, she continues with her passionate account of how old age affects us, personally. She relies heavily upon artists, who write sensitively about their experiences with old age.

Her reason for writing such a comprehensive and detailed book is made clear from the beginning. She means to "break the conspiracy of silence" surrounding old age in advanced industrialist countries which are ruled by the values of a profit-making capitalist class.

As de Beauvoir states, "Although old age, considered as a biological fate, is a reality that goes beyond history, it is nevertheless true that this fate is experienced in a way that varies according to the social context: and conversely, the meaning or lack of meaning that old age takes on in any given society puts that whole society to test, since it is this that reveals the meaning or lack of meaning of the entirety of the life leading to that old age."

She feels compelled to make her readers hear the "human voices" of the old and to dispel the distorted "myths and the clichés of bourgeois culture" that shroud the aged from a society that professes, in theory, a humanist morality.

One myth that she mentions portrays the elderly man as belonging to a species different from that of other men. This particular myth is perpetrated because "the aged do not form a body with any economic strength whatsoever and have no possible way of enforcing their rights; and it is to the interest of the exploiting class to destroy the solidarity between the workers and the unproductive old so that there is no one at all to protect them."

Stereotypes are perpetuated even if they are contradictory. People repeat the clichés so often that nobody pays any attention.

But people in their later years are the same people as they always were and still are. They retain both the same virtues and the same faults. Why does the public choose to overlook this?

For example, old people do not automatically lose their sexual desires, yet the expression "dirty old man" crops up frequently. In addition, the world asserts that the old are serene; that any jealousy, or violence the old evidence makes them repulsive. These widespread assumptions allow people to ignore the unhappiness of the old. This is carried to the point where we think old age affects everyone but ourselves, and when we become old, we refuse to recognize it. In order to rid society of the misery caused by the system of exploitation in which we live, we must try to see ourselves in this old man or that old woman.

In the first chapter of her book, entitled *Old Age and Biology*, de Beauvoir accepts many important facts that have been elucidated by gerontologists (those who study the process of aging) concerning "individual senescence in biological terms." She correctly asserts that biological considerations must be evaluated in conjunction with studies of economic factors and in the context of a given society.

As she points out, "In itself — the economic factor cannot be isolated from the social, political and ideological superstructures that contain it: from an absolute point of view the standard of living is also an abstract notion, no more — with the same resources a man will be considered wealthy in a poor community and poor in a rich one."

She adds, "Both today and throughout history, the class-struggle governs the manner in which old age takes hold of a man: there is a great gulf between the aged slave and the aged patrician, between the wretchedly pensioned ex-worker and an Onassis... here we have two classes of old people, the one extremely numerous, the other reduced to a small minority; and these two classes are brought into being by the conflict between the exploiters and the exploited."

All known civilizations are marked by this contrast, but the books we have read and the opinions we have heard have almost always reflected the state of the upper class. It is only since the nineteenth century that other classes were spoken of.

The situation of the unproductive, privileged old has always been determined by the interests of the active majority of the privileged class. The young have never been pleased, in Western history, to be under the political or economic power of their elders.

Few of the exploited aged survived prior to the eighteenth century due to miserable working conditions and poverty. The ruling class throughout history has provided little assistance to this group of people. From the nineteenth century onward, unable completely to pass over the growing numbers of the aged, the ruling class was forced to acknowledge their existence. However, this was a grudging acknowledgement, and the old were and are continually undervalued.

De Beauvoir paraphrases Michael Harrington's *The Other America* in which he shows that millions of old people are victims of a "downward spiral". He says, "They are more often ill than others because they live in unhealthy slums, feed themselves badly and can hardly afford any heating; but they are too poor to take care of themselves, so their illnesses grow worse, preventing them from working and making their poverty even more acute: they are ashamed of their destitute condition, and they stay at home, avoiding all social contact: they do not want their neighbours to know that they live on public assistance, so they deprive themselves of the little services and the minimum of treatment that those services might give

# La Vieillesse



them, and they end up by being bed-ridden."

Those who do seek public assistance often meet with resistance. Social security is not given to farm labourers. Applicants to assistance agencies meet up with hostile officials. "The Welfare State works the wrong way round. Protection, guarantees and assistance go to the powerful and well-organized, not to the weak." The impersonal bureaucracy humiliates the poor and at the same time does nothing for them.

Since the state does not give adequate support to the aged, many are forced to rely on their children and relatives for assistance. This often leads to eventual incarceration in old age "homes", when relatives can no longer provide the necessary care. De Beauvoir cites several ex-

amples of the deplorable conditions in "rest homes". Many old people, especially women attached to their homes, regard going to these institutions as a tragedy. Even if they can support and care for themselves, the retired elderly have been snatched away from their working environments, have less money than before feel that their value has declined, and have to change their pattern of living.

Marital problems sometimes arise. Excepting those in privileged circles, women are bothered by their spouses being underfoot and their retired husbands are humiliated by their drop in status. As a result of these stresses the retired person may develop hypochondria.

Old age is often more of a personal concern to women than to men since they live



longer (in France an average of seven years). When one thinks about old age though, it is usually in terms of men. They have had more chance, according to de Beauvoir, to "express themselves in laws, books," etc., and "the struggle for power concerns only the stronger-sex." De Beauvoir makes an effort to make known the elderly woman's position.

In history, the Renaissance seems to stick out as a particularly anti-feminist and anti-old age period. It exalted physical beauty, and hence the ugliness of the aged "seemed detestable". The image of the old woman was established as a shrewish bawd, a walking corpse. In addition, there has always been a double standard between the poor old, and rich old, woman. De Beauvoir quotes a poet who contrasts the "vile toothless wretched old woman" with the "honourable old lady".

Today, elderly women still suffer more old-age discrimination than men. It is common knowledge that women are paid less than men for doing the same jobs. They are constantly in danger of being fired. For most, loss of employment means a loss of status and a much lower standard of living. As a result, elderly women are left with little means of support as they grow old.

On a more personal level, some women who have "staked everything on their femininity" try to deceive the rest of the world by their dress and behavior, attempting to convince themselves and others that they are not affected by the universal law of aging.

In women, at about age 50, the reproduc-

tive function is suddenly interrupted by menopause. The sexual organs degenerate and the woman can no longer be made pregnant. In men, "the possibilities of erection and of ejaculation diminish and disappear with age." This is not to say that sexuality is confined to the genital aspect, but is "the energy that is used to transform the sexual drive; in relation to the source of stimulus, it is its goal." Therefore it may grow or diminish or shift its locus throughout life, from childhood to old age.

In those for whom sex was a positive value, there may be a longing to prolong it. As de Beauvoir points out, "The old person often desires to desire because he retains his longing for experiences that can never be replaced and because he is still attached to the erotic world he built up in his youth or maturity... by means of desire he will have an awareness of his own integrity."

Public opinion interferes, though. Thus the elderly person may conform to a conventional attitude towards his sexuality, afraid of scandal or ridicule. Not wanting to be a "lecherous old man" or "shameless old woman," he/she becomes ashamed of sexual desires.

Woman's sexuality is biologically less affected by age than man's. A primary problem however, is that her future, if she marries, is usually determined by her husband's. He may take to younger women, while she will find it hard to have extramarital relations if she so desires. A woman of 70 is no longer regarded by anyone as an erotic object. Chastity is

imposed on her socially and psychologically, rather than physically.

More scandalous than our society's "old-age policy", as de Beauvoir points out, is the treatment that society "inflicts upon the majority of men during their youth and their maturity. It prefabricates the maimed and wretched state that is theirs when they are old."

Although improving conditions for the aged is not pointless, it provides no solution to the real problem of old age — the problem that a man is not treated like a man. The answer to this, says de Beauvoir, is simple — he should have been treated like a man and not like a piece of productive material, throughout his lifetime.

If this were achieved, old age would correspond to what some bourgeois ideologists maintain exists now — "a period of life different from youth and maturity, but possessing its own balance and leaving a wide range of possibilities open to the individual."



photo by marianne greenwood

ject of discrimination against women only twice, first in relation to Colette, "who almost lost her membership in the French Academy because she did not write about war," and later by informing us that "it was difficult to overcome discrimination in my day, but not impossible."

Therein lies my criticism of the writings of Anais Nin. While she is a perceptive, creative and evocative writer, much of her work is an attempt to escape from the harsh, crime-ridden "outside world". "I create a myth and a legend, a lie, a fairy tale, a magical world, and one that collapses every day and makes me feel like going the way of Virginia Woolf." She is imbued with an awareness and awe of her environment,

Between the young who recognize the problem of the aged and the old, claims de Beauvoir, is the machine called "routine" — "the crusher of men who let themselves be crushed because it never occurs to them that they can escape it." Once we understand what position the aged are in, how can we satisfy ourselves by asking for more reforms like "higher pensions", "decent housing", etc. "The whole system is at issue and our claim cannot be otherwise than radical — change life itself."

How has life been changed then, in socialist countries? De Beauvoir does not present a clear answer to this. She sums up the state of the aged in Hungary, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia in fifteen pages in Appendix III. Her study in this section is incomplete and does not include an appraisal of institutional conditions in these countries.

Summing it up in de Beauvoir's words: "The fact that for the last fifteen or twenty years of his life a man should be no more than a reject, a piece of scrap, reveals the failure of our civilization: if we were to look upon the old as human beings, with a human life behind them, and not as so many walking corpses, this obvious truth would move us profoundly."

A fitting example of how the concept of old age is avoided can be seen from the American translation of the title of de Beauvoir's book: from "La Vieillesse" to "The Coming of Age."



but simultaneously she is cheating herself of its reality.

Nin is of the conviction that anyone can create a beautiful, creative life out of nothing. At the lecture, she supported her belief with the story of a woman from New York City who left her job and, with \$100 started a bookstore in the heart of the theatre district that became a haven for such luminaries as Edmund Wilson and Tennessee Williams. When a member of the audience pointed out that there are many underprivileged people in the world who are repressed in achieving their goals, Nin provided another non-political answer: the fighting must be internal and humanistic, not external, for "change must come from within."

Ms. Nin sees introspection as the panacea for the world's ills. She seems to eschew ideology, women's liberation (because it does not create a harmony between men and women), and polemics. It strikes me as exceedingly unrealistic for anyone who professes a concern for "what ought to be" to be "apolitical." Most of the world's population can afford neither the cost of her books nor the time to reflect on "inner spaces".

linda giles

## Anais Nin— in search of the 'real self'

Listening to Anais Nin on Wednesday evening, I recalled R.D. Laing's lecture in the same hall some four months ago. The themes of their talks were remarkably similar: they exhorted us to search for our inner selves, to develop an awareness of our environment, and to rid ourselves of our fear of the unknown self. (I doubt, however, that Laing would share Ms. Nin's "unalterable faith in psychology.")

Most of Laing's works express his growing dissatisfaction with any psychoanalytical theory that isolates the individual from his context, that places him in a vacuum devoid of other human influences. We must remember, Laing cautions, that the individual is not the only agent in his "world". Last night, Nin echoed these sentiments, criticizing those persons or cultures that stress differences between individuals and reject a humanistic approach to life.

Indeed, upon reading Nin's prose—her novelettes, short stories, and "continuous novel"—and her *Diary*, one is struck by the fact that psychoanalysis is the basic perspective of her work. Her books, particularly *Winter of Artifice* and *Collages*, are nothing less than critical, imaginative case histories. She conveys a keen insight into the emotions and instincts of her characters, for she is particularly concerned with coming to grips with the "real self."

For this reason, Nin greatly admires the artist, who is capable of free association between the conscious and subconscious and of discovering the inner self. The artist, she explains, employs the images, metaphors, and symbols of his dreams as a key to his inner self; and he shares these dreams with his readers.

One such artist who markedly influenced her early career was D.H. Lawrence, a strange bedfellow indeed for one of the celebrities of the feminist movement. Published in 1932, D.H. Lawrence: *An Unprofessional Study* was her first book and the first assessment of Lawrence by a woman. She was most impressed by his ability to portray unusual and delicate human relationships and to inject vivid color into his imagery. Over a decade later, she confessed in her *Diary* to having imitated Lawrence's style as a young woman. Unlike Kate Millett, Nin seems more concerned with Lawrence's image as an artist than with his self-imposed role as the painter of woman-kind.

Nin's obsession with the dreamlike quality of experience led her, along with Aldous Huxley and Alan Watts, to experiment with LSD several years ago. She diligently transcribed all the experiences of her "eight hour dream" onto paper and later concluded that she had no use for LSD: all its imagery, psychic states, and hallucinations appeared in her work. Moreover, she felt that the drug was a great shock to the system; it amounted to "ten years of dreaming in one night."

During the lecture, Ms. Nin spoke very little of the feminist movement; she prefers to approach the subject of feminine consciousness on a more abstract, intuitive, "undogmatic" level. When asked to define "femininity", she merely said it meant finding the real self without programming or cultural taboos. She added that no one is capable of saying what is masculine and what is feminine for there is a component of both in all of us. She broached the sub-





Strike!  
by Jeremy Brecher  
Straight Arrow Books, paperback  
625 Third Street,  
San Francisco, California 94107

arnold bennett

"If there is any one paramount characteristic of books on American history, it is that they are not histories of the people. Histories of the generals, the diplomats, and the politicians there are plenty; histories of the people — the plain people — there are few.

"This is no accident. It is part of the great conspiracy which consists in drawing an iron curtain between the people and their past. The generals, the diplomats, and the politicians learned long ago that history is more than a record of the past; it is, as well, a source from which may be drawn a sense of strength and direction for the future. At all costs, that sense of strength and direction and purpose must be denied to the millions of men and women who labor for their living. Hence, the record of their past achievements is deliberately obscured in order to dull their aspirations for the future." (George F. Addes and R.J. Thomas, writing in 1947).

It is with this quotation that Jeremy Brecher begins the final chapter of *Strike!* and it is this situation which he tries to remedy throughout the book, which unfortunately is not yet available in Montreal.

The subtitle of *Strike!* is "The True History of Mass Insurgence in America from 1877 to the Present — as authentic revolutionary movements against the establishments of state, capital and trade unionism", and it is the history of the struggle against the last of these three targets that will elicit howls of pain from a horde of needed sacred cows.

Not enough, but still a lot, has been written about the development of trade union organizations in North America, most of it either by people with a vested interest in "industrial peace" or by apologists for various union bosses or left-wing sects.

As a result, the real, fascinating, vital struggles that brought hundreds of thousands of workers into streets, often spontaneously, of general strikes in which whole cities were first paralyzed and then administered, effectively, by striking workers, and of the betrayal of these tremendous struggles by "moderate" union "leaders" who collaborated with state and capital — this history has been ignored, hushed up, overshadowed.

Canadians and Québécois are inundated with everything that is rotten about American history and American culture. But, strangely enough, while many of us have heard of the great Winnipeg General Strike of 1919, we are ignorant of the even more massive general strikes in which workers took control of Pittsburgh (1877), Seattle (1919), Minneapolis (1934) and San Francisco (1934).

The strikes that Brecher deals with were real, massive uprisings by workers, often in spite of the opposition of union bureaucracies. These strike waves, the last of which to hit the U.S. came in 1946,

# No man is good enough to be another man's boss



would start in one particular factory or industry and then would spread like wildfire as workers elsewhere saw that resistance paid. During the earlier strike waves the capitalists relied primarily on hired thugs and armed troops to combat strikers, always with considerable loss of life. But as trade union organizations grew more and more powerful, more enlightened bosses preferred to trust the union bureaucrats to do their work for them. Some strikes would be tolerated, particularly in times of slack production, in order to maintain the myth that the big union leaders represented the interests of the workers.

This is exactly what happened at General Motors in 1970, after the death of United Auto Workers President Walter Reuther. A strike was called purely to build up the position of the new UAW President, Leonard Woodcock, and GM had no objection at all to its continuing for months. In fact, GM even paid 25-million dollars into the UAW's pension fund, while the strike was on. It was only when rank-and-file union members began to think in militant terms and to orient the strike in new directions that it was decided to bring the strike to a speedy end.

It is not strikes like this one that Brecher promotes but rather strikes like the wave of sitdowns that hit the rubber and auto industry between 1934 and 1937. These were then new industries, which were new to unionization. The strikes started with discontented workers, and the UAW moved in, not to break the strikes in this case but to control them. Sitdowns and "quickies" were concrete responses to particular grievances, like speed-ups, work overloads and firings — the union put itself forward as the channel for these grievances and either calmed the workers down or negotiated with management. But the sitdown, despite its violation of the "sanctity" of union-signed contracts, was a more effective weapon. Workers inside a plant, surrounded by expensive machinery, were not as easy to smash as a line of picketers outside the plant. Immediate direct action under such circumstances often produced immediate concessions, and was a first step towards workers' control of the factory.

In these sitdowns, and in the mass

strikes, one question was always dominant. As President Sloan of General Motors wrote at the height of the 1936-37 sitdown wave, the "real issue" was, "Will a labor organization run the plants of General Motors... or will the Management continue to do so?"

One other factor intruded into mass strikes — the presence of militant left-wing groups like Communists or Trotskyists. That the bosses used the presence of these elements to "smear" the strikers is irrelevant, despite the emphasis that union hacks and social democrats put on these "smear campaigns" — the capitalists would indulge in these tactics regardless of who was involved. In fact, the presence of committed militants from left-wing organizations in leadership roles was often very productive. But these militants were mainly interested in building their own organizations. The Communists, in particular, were even more anti-strike than the right-wing union bureaucrats from the Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union until the end of the war. As Brecher puts it, "Local radicals played important parts in the strikes of 1934 — Communists in San Francisco, Musteites in Toledo, Trotskyists in Minneapolis; significantly, in each case it was not their particular party line and party organization that was responsible for this, but the fact that their own militance coincided with that of the workers."

The mass strikes that Brecher describes all were doomed to eventual failure, because, although they spread, they did not spread to the extent that the majority of the workers saw the need for total revolution and the establishment of a new society (and not just one industry, or one city) under their control. Many workers were deluded by their faith in certain union leaders, like John L. Lewis, whose militant rhetoric was only a pretense to maintain their control. The betrayal of a strike movement by the union leadership, or the "moderation" of demands, always produced a serious split in the movement. Many workers were also fooled by the

granting of "concessions", like the right to collective bargaining and the legalization of unions, and by "pro-labor" government leaders like Roosevelt. But even "pro-labor" politicians, like Farmer-Labor Party Governor Floyd B. Olson of Minnesota, were not averse to using force against strikes that grew too militant. Olson, who had personally contributed \$500 to the Teamsters strike fund in 1934 and who had declared, "I am a liberal... I am a radical", sent in the National Guard to arrest the Minneapolis Teamsters strike leaders, during the same strike that he had backed. But when the resistance continued and the general strike escalated, Olson backed down, released the captured leaders, and raided the headquarters of the anti-strike "Citizens Alliance" to save face with the workers who had elected him.

Strike breaking tactics by supposed "friends of the workers" of course were as nothing compared to the actions of the bosses, both legal and illegal. Murder of picketers was commonplace in the early years. So was illegal imprisonment of strikers and the rigging of crimes (including assassination of politicians and murder of scabs) which were then blamed on strikers. Employers did their utmost to maintain the phony ethnic distinctions dividing workers under their control, to the extent of sending in agents, during one major strike, to "stir up racial hatred" among the strikers (and these are the works of a company directive, not those of Brecher).

This is one of the best books ever to be written about the American labour movement. It is unfortunately not very complete for the period after the 1930's, but it would be a sad thing indeed if the whole history of workers' struggles in the United States could be told in a mere 325 pages. It is also unfortunate that Brecher does not deal with Canadian labour at all — he does not even mention the Winnipeg General Strike, which surely must have had some impact south of the border, just as American international unionism, both progressive and reactionary, had a rather heavy impact on this side of the border.

The book is full of excellent illustrations and photographs of strikers and battles with troops and police. These pictures give the text even more impact.

Until *Strike!* becomes available in Montreal, your best bet is to write to Straight Arrow Books in San Francisco. Let's hope the price is not exorbitant — there was no price marked on my review copy.







# Looking into the Bell Jar

sue tobin

Among the various shades of feminism that one encounters while reading the works of contemporary women writers, perhaps the most common view is the one that portrays man as the oppressor of woman.

In the case of Sylvia Plath, this political stance becomes transformed into her personal expression of anger towards and alienation from the world around her.

Basic to an understanding of Plath's *The Bell Jar* is the realization that although the author's specific anger was usually directed towards men, Plath, as seen through her main character, was equally unable to participate in human relationships with women. Also central to a discussion of this author must be an awareness of the pathology that dominated Plath's life, and resulted in her death.

*The Bell Jar*, written in the form of a novel, is actually an autobiographical description of a short period of the author's life. Plath, through the person of Esther Greenwood, documents her first psychological breakdown, her earliest attempts at suicide, and her subsequent (temporary) institutionalization.

Plath's analysis of man's relationship to woman is quite straightforward — at worst, the man is a misogynist; more frequently he merely expects the woman to fulfill her prescribed role: "And I knew that in spite of all the roses and kisses and restaurant dinners a man showered on a woman before he married her, what he secretly wanted when the service ended was for her to flatten out underneath his feet like Mrs. Willard's kitchen mat."

A man is always sinister, always threatening. While witnessing the birth of a baby, Esther is told that the mother had been given a drug that would make her forget she'd had any pain. Plath remarks: "I thought it sounded just like the sort of drug a man would invent. Here was a woman in terrible pain, obviously feeling

every bit of it or she wouldn't groan like that, and she would go straight home and start another baby, because the drug would make her forget how bad the pain had been, when all the time in some secret part of her, that long, blind doorless and windowless corridor of pain was waiting to open up and shut her in again."

Esther classifies herself as an unqualified failure in every field of endeavor that she had been taught to consider socially necessary. One evening, after mentally examining all her "deficiencies", she said, "For the first time in my life... I felt dreadfully inadequate. The trouble was, I had been inadequate all along, I simply hadn't thought about it."

This revelation is followed by even more damaging self-appraisals, and, concurrently, a greater antagonism towards all people with whom she comes into contact, including former friends. As Esther withdraws into her bell jar and begins her experiments with death, she methodically severs all human connections.

All but one. Her psychiatrist, Dr. Nolan, stands out as an interesting exception. Nolan represents Esther's sole, and often tenuous, link with the outside world. With that doctor's help, some of the grosser distortions resulting from viewing the world through that curved glass are modified.

But the essential distortion remains. Esther/Sylvia defines freedom as total isolation from human society. Although Plath only admits to her "hate of the thought of being under a man's thumb", one can see that Esther removes herself from all levels of human relationship — family, friends, and teachers.

What Esther cannot understand is that it is impossible to damn one whole section of humanity without eclipsing one's place in the stream of life. So it is that Esther tragically exults in the dismissal of her first lover, "This was the first time since our first and last meeting, that I had spoken with him and, I was reasonably sure, it would be the last... I was perfectly free."

What you see is what you get...  
Buy, sell, trade, find, get action  
daily, in the DAILY CLASSIFIEDS

# CLASSIFIED ADS

## get involved with the kibbutz

a unique social experiment in cooperative living which strives for personal and community self-realization. We invite you to experience the kibbutz through the following programs:

### Kibbutz ulpan

A six month program of ½ day work and ½ day Hebrew studies

AGE: 18 to 35 COST: Transportation DATES: Year round

### Temporary workers

Living and working on a kibbutz one month or more

For information and application for the above, and for permanent settlement, winter, summer and teenage programs, contact:

**KIBBUTZ ALIYA DESK**

Yaakov Barkai, Gadli Gilai, Oded ben-Orr  
Located in the Labour Zionist Centre  
4770 Kent Ave. Room 300 — 735-1159

Eves. 735-0122  
733-5161  
739-3869

## GREAT FOR YOUR HEAD



## WRANGLER JEANS



# Heat isn't Trash from the Factory

**louis di bianco**

Paul Morrissey, who directed *Heat*, has also given us *Flesh* and *Trash*. When I saw *Trash*, I thought it was appropriately titled; it was a total waste of celluloid. It also seemed appropriate that the film studio responsible for it was called the Factory. After all, *Trash* had more in common with an unimaginative assembly line product than an inspired work of art. Admittedly, I expected *Heat* to be just as uninvolved and tiresome as its predecessor. The latest product from the Factory, however, is not trash, although it portrays people who view their lives as trash.

The reasons why this film works are interesting and ironic when we consider the director's approach to cinema. Morrissey believes that films should serve as vehicles for actors, not for directors or writers. On a practical level this means choosing one's actors first, then creating films that allow these people to utilize

their own particular talents best. This approach has generally been used by Andy Warhol's Factory.

Among the many varied personalities in the Factory, exists Joe Dallesandro. Little Joe, as his tattoo labels him, is, in Morrissey's opinion, "the best film actor around under 35, one of the best actors in the film business today." Morrissey has, therefore, created vehicles for Joe's talent. Actually, Dallesandro, the person, not the actor, has been expressed in these films, because Little Joe can't act.

Who is Joe, the person? He is a living testament to the uncanny power of the absurd to transform one's life. He is an orphan who learned to protect his vulnerability by donning a mask of cold indifference, and to assert his power by beating up construction workers and stealing cars for the thrill of driving at high speed. When Joe came to New York City, the drug scene attracted him, and one night, in search of drugs, he became a star. Warhol tells us that Joe walked into an apartment, probably expecting to score there. Instead of dope, he found Warhol's film crew, filming *The Loves of Ondine*. Morrissey immediately asked him to be in the film. Joe complied, and has been with the Factory ever since.

Dallesandro's new career involved a simple transition. He had played the loser in life's drama; now he would play losers on the screen. Joe is simply being himself in front of the camera, especially since no scripts are used in the Factory's films. Both on and off screen he isn't very verbal, delivering what few words he does speak in a monotone. He frankly admits that words intimidate him because he knows very few of them. He doesn't enjoy speaking or reading. The one book he read in his life, in order to pass English, was Andrew Carnegie and the Age of Steel. His reluctan-

ce to express himself verbally explains why he is sometimes inaudible on film. In fact, it helps to explain why he can become so boring to watch, except of course, if you're turned on by his Muscle Beach bod.

One of the main reasons *Trash* was so boring was because it served principally as a vehicle for Joe. *Heat*, fortunately, is not Little Joe's film. *Heat* is effective for reasons that Morrissey would probably deny. For instance, he feels that the director's role is minimal and that the story is relatively unimportant in a film. However, unlike *Trash*, *Heat* shows evidence of some strong and very fine direction and relies on a fairly structured narrative. Whereas *Trash* monotonously followed Joe through a series of unrelated and terribly similar incidents, *Heat* carries him through a gradually developing sequence of events, all related to the principal character, Sally Todd (Sylvia Miles).

Sally is an actress whose career and glamour are rapidly waning. Like all the characters in this film, Sally's main concern is herself. She is so preoccupied with maintaining an image that she thinks of it even while making love.

Around Sally revolve the parasitic lives of people like her daughter Jessica (Andrea Feldman) and would-be singer Joey Davis (Joe Dallesandro). Joey and Jessica live in the same motel, run by a freakish Weight Watcher's reject (Pat Ast). The other motel guests include Jessica's lesbian girlfriend and two delightfully perverse brothers whose abnormalities have become part of their nightclub act.



Through effective directing Morrissey manages to involve us in the various sad interactions these characters have with one another. We are able to empathize, often very strongly, with the desperation, loneliness and disillusionment of these lives cast adrift.

Sylvia Miles' performance, without a doubt, overshadows all the others. She brings an incredible vitality to bear on every scene she's in. In fact, it is her vitality that saves all her scenes with Little Joe from dreadful boredom.

Yes, *Heat* has faults, but its strong points outweigh them. See *Heat*—you definitely won't get burned.

# Play those goddam guitars

**brian de cheverry**

Carlos Santana and his band were in Montreal two weeks ago for a sell-out concert. The group was riding the wave of "cosmic consciousness" brought to North America by an invasion of Indian gurus and sages. Lead guitarist Carlos Santana has espoused the divine teachings of Sri Chmoney, formerly with John McLaughlin's band, the Mahavishnu Orchestra.

Before the concert was to begin, Carlos had asked for a minute of quiet meditation from the Forum's noisy and excited eighteen thousand fans. Carlos' intention to provide a spiritual base for his music might have succeeded if not for the crowd's hostile response — "Play your goddam guitar!" Upon this note, Santana launched into a selection of their recent tunes. It soon became obvious, however, that this group which was at one time capable of rousing rock fans to titillating heights had mellowed considerably.

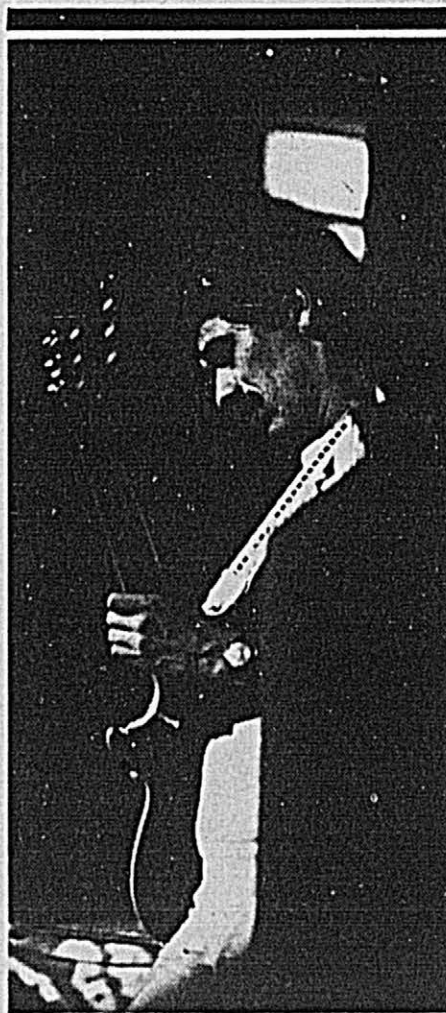
Carlos and his band have come a long way since the days of the great rock festivals like Woodstock. Santana, along with groups like Chicago, Blood Sweat and Tears, Sly and the Family Stone, had tied their musical hopes to Columbia Records' Clive Davis. Davis had been quick to foresee the rising tides of rock music in '67 and '68. He signed some of rock's most promising groups for his company and

with the right promotion and advertising, ensured their mutual success.

Through those early years, Santana rode high in the drug culture with their latino brand of rock music. The group released two big-selling records *Santana* and *Abraxis* and seemed destined for continued stardom.

But in those years, the success of groups no longer depended upon the presence of talented musicians and imaginative musical composing. Fortunes rose and fell in relation to the success of behind-the-scene payoffs. Promoters paid disc jockeys to play select recordings and to advertise certain musicians. The attraction of a group at a local concert rose according to the amount of playing time their music obtained in local radio programming. With high attendance at a concert, a musician could gross anywhere from two to twenty thousand dollars. Santana emerged successfully from this fast moving world of superstars and was able to retreat to the exclusive "Hills of San Francisco".

Their music had moved from the stages of rock festivals to the recording studios of Columbia Records resulting in the group's loss of spontaneous rapport with concert audiences. The music took on a synthetic quality; it was now tied intimately to the complex recording and mixing equipment at Columbia. The widening gap



between their stage musicianship and their now over-polished records was itself paralleled by a change in the group's image. Along with the popular culture around them they had evolved from psychedelia to transcendentalism and from drugs to meditation. But whether this process was the result of real personal goals or simply a desire for continued public attention is never made clear.

When he finally played at the Forum, Carlos Santana was no longer spontaneous and exciting. His guitar had lost that emotionally charged directness and was now complex and cold. The show was sustained

almost entirely upon the nervous energy of the crowd; those aficionados whose memories indelibly contain each of Carlos' recorded electrifying guitar solos were disappointed. Santana's superbly crafted records had exaggerated the group's musical sensitivity. Fans were prepared for more and got less.

At \$5.50 a ticket, the amount of money that exchanged hands was well in excess of eighty thousand dollars. Admittedly the high cost of production men and materials used up some of the gross amount but Carlos and his boys gleaned well over seven thousand dollars each. This excessive avarice on the part of rock musicians, as well as the music industry's inability to shake off behind-the-scene payoffs in promotion, is certainly the worst part of popular music. The use of complex sound techniques to amplify and even exaggerate a group's music abilities is almost as devastating.

The shuffle of fans away from the show towards the Atwater Metro Station might well have swept away the so-called biggest show of '73. In their haste, the crowd will likely forget their disappointment and reach again for new Santana records. Possibly the next time Carlos and his boys come to town, his fans will have been prepared anew. Montrealers will have more big studio records on their shelves and even greater expectations from their musical heroes — who are undoubtedly on their way back to the great Columbia Record Factory to exploit their fans' short memories.



# We're high on good quality food

IN PARIS, home of gourmets and gourmets, Vietnamese cuisine is generally rated among the very best. The new Vietnamese restaurant which opened recently in Montreal at 1434 Bleury will certainly do a lot to help locals appreciate the exquisite cuisine of this courageous people.

Located halfway between Ste-Catherine and Maisonneuve not far from the other Vietnamese restaurant, the Van Lang is low on useless extravaganzas and high on good quality food. The staff is entirely Vietnamese and extremely courteous and, although the service is rapid and impeccable, you never get the feeling that you are being rushed out of the place.

The menu is a well-balanced selection of dishes from various regions of the country. There are over a hundred selections on the menu — appetizers, soups, salads, main courses, and desserts.

I would suggest that one start with the Chà gio, which used to be translated as 'imperial rolls', but which some Vietnamese restaurants, like the Van Lang, have been calling 'rouleaux printaniers, in honour of the unforgettable springtimes in recent Vietnamese history.

My favorite soup is the delicious asparagus soup with crabmeat; this soup cannot be matched by any of the moderately priced

restaurants that I have visited in Montreal. You can pass on the salads, not a strong point of the restaurant.

The main dishes vary in price from \$1.00 (beef sauteed with noodles) to \$5.00 (Bò nhring dâm: a part of the beef in seven platters dish), with most of them at \$1.80. (Some suggestions—chicken sauteed with lily buds, shrimp sauteed with chicken and vegetables.) The southern Vietnam-style pancake filled with bean sprouts, onion, pork, shrimps and served with fresh salad and Vietnamese pickles is a meal all by itself (and a deal) at \$1.50.

The best, however, is yet to come: dessert—the banana fritters and the home-made fruit salad are highly recommended. There are the usual North American beverages with an additional specialty: hot or cold soya milk.

Vietnamese cuisine is very natural, quite light and surprisingly tasty—you won't go away with an empty stomach either. The daily luncheon special at \$1.24 kept Université du Québec students full last week during picketing hours.

*VAN LANG was the name of the state of Vietnam, from the 40th to the 3rd century B.C. The capital was Mê-Linh, which is located in the present-day province of Vinh-Phu, NORTH VIETNAM.*

## CONTEST

Chortle, snicker, merf. The old time for the old last contest has rolled around and the old editors have racked their kiddy brains for this one, I'll tell you.

Look at old Viv, old P.P., Niggel and the Bird. None of them could have solved the old puzzle if they hadn't written it. Too bad too, because there was a rumour around here this morning that anyone sending the right answer into the registrar's office would get a free degree — seems that the name of the old game and the name of this game have a lot in common.

Ready to play? Hidden in this square is a long word. How long? That's up to your clever little minds. The trick is to make the word by joining the letters whose squares abut on each other. This includes letters that abut diagonally. A letter can be used any number of times, as long as it abuts on the previous letter in the word. Examples from this puzzle are the words wart and trail. The word we're looking for

is a lot longer, however.

A further clue is this: "Randomly speaking, in that great dwelling it is only twenty from a word you would recognize right away."

u	p	e	o
s	r	c	n
n	a	t	b
w	o	i	l

## The Review

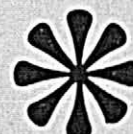
Cover photo by Tibor Gatszegi; photo page 7 by Michael Semak; photo page 13 by Arnaud Maggs — from Image 6, an NFB publication.

Editorial Staff:  
Phyllis Platt  
Kirk Kelley  
Vivien Perelman  
Nigel Gibson

What you see is what you get...  
Buy, sell, trade, find, get action  
daily, in the DAILY CLASSIFIEDS

# CLASSIFIED ADS

### THE ONE AND ONLY LIFE INSURANCE PLAN ENDORSED BY



#### THE STUDENTS' SOCIETY OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY TO ITS MEMBER STUDENTS AND POST GRADUATE STUDENTS

Lowest Initial Cost • Lowest Net Cost, when changed to permanent • Life Time Coverage • Special Conversion at graduation • Regular Conversion at any time up to end of Term Period • Reduction of \$2.50 per \$1000 at each option. Reduction of \$2.50 per \$1000 at conversion

PLANS: Term to age 35 or 10 year term whichever is the shorter period, with Ordinary Life thereafter, unless converted sooner to Ordinary Life or any other type of permanent life. PLUS: accidental death and G.I.B.		YEARLY PREMIUM
<b>PLAN A</b>	with G.I.B. without G.I.B.	<input type="checkbox"/> \$92.75 <input type="checkbox"/> \$67.75
\$ 25,000 Death \$ 50,000 Accidental Death \$ 175,000 G.I.B. (7 options up to \$25,000 each)		
<b>PLAN B</b>	with G.I.B. without G.I.B.	<input type="checkbox"/> \$69.25 <input type="checkbox"/> \$44.25
\$ 15,000 Death \$ 30,000 Accidental Death \$ 175,000 G.I.B. (7 options up to \$25,000 each)		
<b>PLAN C</b>	with G.I.B. without G.I.B.	<input type="checkbox"/> \$57.50 <input type="checkbox"/> \$32.50
\$ 10,000 Death \$ 20,000 Accidental Death \$ 175,000 G.I.B. (7 options up to \$25,000 each)		
<b>PLAN D</b>	with G.I.B. without G.I.B.	<input type="checkbox"/> \$45.75 <input type="checkbox"/> \$20.75
\$ 5,000 Death \$ 10,000 Accidental Death \$ 175,000 G.I.B. (7 options up to \$25,000 each)		
<b>PLAN E</b>	without G.I.B.	<input type="checkbox"/> \$10.00
\$ 5,000 Death		

Above rates include Waiver of Premium and Conversion Privileges. G.I.B. allows you to take 7 new permanent life insurance policies up to \$25,000 each for a total of \$175,000 WITHOUT PROOF OF GOOD HEALTH (in addition to conversion Privilege) on 7 of the following different occasions: at graduation, at postgraduation or at the policy anniversary dates nearest your ages 22, 25, 28, 31, 34, 37 and 40. You may add up to \$25,000 of permanent life insurance each time you exercise an option.

CONVERSION PRIVILEGES: ALL plans up to \$25,000 if at graduation or up to amount of policy at any other time during Term period.

#### EXAMPLE OF CONVERSION—LOWEST NET COST—PER \$1000.00

	Age	PREMIUM PER \$1000.*		CASH VALUE—BONUS*	
		1st year	thereafter	in 20 years	at age 65
non par.	24	\$5.14	\$7.64	\$192	\$533
with bonus	24	\$10.14	\$12.64	\$401	\$1719
double bonus	24	\$15.14	\$17.64	\$610	\$2905

\* Policy fee to be added. Cash value and most bonus guaranteed. This is subject to a formal proposal by the Company.

#### PLEASE COMPLETE FOLLOWING ENROLLMENT CARD

Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

Phone .....

Faculty ..... Year .....

### The International Life Insurance Company

Head Office: Stock Exchange Building Place Victoria, Montreal  
Telephone 861-2441

IN COOPERATION WITH ONE OF THE  
World's Largest Reinsurance Company



# OLD McGILL '73

## GRADUATE PHOTOS

STUDENTS  
GRADUATING  
THIS YEAR  
ARE ASKED  
TO PHONE  
844-7745  
FOR AN  
APPOINTMENT  
AS SOON  
AS POSSIBLE!

## CASINO ROYALE! \$ - GAMES OF CHANCE! \$ \$ - GAMES OF SKILL! \$

8 p.m. - 11:30 p.m. Casino open  
11:35 p.m. Auction

Date - Saturday, March 10  
at Hillel 3460 Stanley  
tel.: 845-9171

Psst - tell'em lefty sent ya!

Admission 75¢  
Chips 50¢



**1000 Amherst St.**  
4 blocks east of St. Hubert  
2 blocks below St. Catherine

Cycle House Presents  
the **ULTIMATE  
DYNO TESTING**

Open Mon. - Fri. 9 am - 9 pm  
Sat. 9 am to 5 pm

**CYCLE HOUSE LTD.**  
is KAWASAKI  
in 73



Models 75cc to 900 cc.

As Little as

**\$5.00 Down**  
EASY TERMS AVAILABLE

Drop in and Pick  
up your Free Gift  
Limited supply

**844-9579**

## ABORTIONS

FREE referral to  
N.Y. City Clinic  
Total cost 12 weeks  
or less \$100.

call

## CONTROLLED PARENTHOOD

(a non-profit  
organization)

2055 St. Mathieu Street  
Suite 1807  
Montreal  
(514) 932-8331  
9 AM - 10 PM



**XEROX  
PRINTING**

FAST

1016 SHERBROOKE W.  
843-8912

If you need help in removing  
your unwanted hair permanently,  
call 931-8531.

**Christine Dabrowska,**

Electrologist,  
3465 Cote Des Neiges,  
Suite 80

## ABORTIONS

Information about free legal  
abortions in Montreal or low  
cost abortions in New York  
non-profit clinics.

**WOMEN'S HELP  
ORGANIZATION**

1566 Pine Ave. West  
935-2517, 931-3177  
Mon.-Sat. 9 AM to 8 PM



Have you  
checked the  
Classified ads  
today?  
There may be  
a bargain  
there for you.

## CONTRIBUTIONS WANTED

SUBMISSIONS  
OF POETRY  
SHORT STORIES  
AND  
GRAPHICS  
ARE  
WELCOME

UNION B44

**NIGEL GIBSON  
EDITOR**

# OLD McGILL '73



## today

## classifieds

From our clipping service

THE SUBURBAN, MARCH 7th, 1973

Y.M.-Y.W.H.A. Folk-dancing for everyone, every Wed. evening at the Snowdon Y Bldg. 5500 Westbury at 8:00 p.m. Special instructions for beginners. Info: 737-6551.

continued from page 2

## ISA:

Last day for nominations for executive positions. Submit nomination sheets to ISA office Union B-40 in Secretary's mailbox or give to Basia Hellwig.

## SATURDAY

## S.C.M. Yellow Door Coffeehouse:

Last night of Robb Goldstein, 8:30 to 12:00 pm. Lunch happens on weekends too, 12-2 pm - hot plates, egg rolls, cornbread, even hot dogs maybe. 3625 Aylmer; 392-4947.

## Malaysian-Singapore:

AGM and elections at 7 pm. Rooms 457, 458 of Student Union.

## Film Society:

The Saturday night series presents a truly sensational show: "Straw Dogs" (US 1971) directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Dustin Hoffman. Two shows 7 and 9:30 pm in PSCA/FDA for \$0.75. Telephone 392-8934, 392-8925.

## Hillel:

Casino Royale at 3460 Stanley. Games of chance and skill! M. L. might be there. How about you? 8 pm.

## Ukrainian Society:

The Ukrainian Club (and SUSK) presents a "Ukrainian Evening" with music, wine and cheese and cultural exhibits. This event kicks off a week of "Ukrainian Happenings" at McGill.

## Red Door Frat:

Phi Kappa Pi is having an open house Saturday at 8 pm., featuring Montreal's Grippen Mire. Girls Free, Guys \$1. 3 beers \$1. Hard stuff. 3467 University Street.

## Phi Kappa Pi:

Free hot lunch for guys interested in making university life a little more interesting. Red Door 3467 University, 1 pm to 2:30 pm. Bring a friend.

## Synchronized Swimming:

Provincial competition 10:30 am at Currie pool, 475 Pine St. West. Also tonight at 8 pm at Currie Pool: Women's Athletics presents Watershow '73-swimming and diving exhibition. Students \$.50-bring I.D. Others \$1.

## SUNDAY

## S.C.M. Yellow Door Coffeehouse:

Folk Mass, 11:30 am. Lunch 12-2 pm. Hoot, 8-12 pm., at 3625 Aylmer, 392-4947.

## Faculty of Music:

Array IV-A premiere of Canadian Works. Instrumentalist group from Toronto. Redpath Hall-4 pm - Free.

These ads may be placed in the advertising office at the University Centre from 10 am to 4 pm. Ads received by noon appear the following day. Rates: 3 consecutive insertions—\$3.00 maximum 20 words. 15 cents per extra word.

## MISCELLANEOUS

M.O.C. Ski Trip to Mt. Tremblant Sun. March 11. Bus, tows, lessons, \$7.50 members \$8.50 non-members. At the box office.

Jewish students: Looking for a warm experience? Jewish families extend an invitation to share a Shabbat weekend with you. No experience necessary! Call for more info - Herb, 845-9171.

Polish your accent with a Spanish speaking girl. Private evening raps. Hear campus. Bargain prices. Call 284-2825 after 9 pm.

Camperdown Outdoors Club requires conservative members for summer farmhouse group, congenial company, good food, bicycling, canoeing, sailing, bookkeeping and gardening. 467-8336.

Bartending Course - offered by M.S.E.A. To begin Monday, March 12 at 8 pm in Room 04 of S.B.B. Registration to take place this Friday afternoon between 3 and 5 in Rm 04 - also between 7:30 - 8:00 pm on Monday. Registration fee is \$10.

## PERSONAL

Problem? Feel you need to rap with a rabbi? Call Israel Hausman 341-3580.

## FOR SALE

BG Omega Enlarger, Schneider Lens. \$150. 8 x 10 printing frame. \$10. Call Bob at 843-3094 till 5 pm.

Espania classical guitar, case, capo etc. Great bargain. \$160.00 firm. Rick Davies. 849-4023 (evenings) 392-5893 (days). Leave message.

Aria A555 Classical guitar with case. Excellent condition. Originally was \$170. Price to be discussed (reasonable offer accepted). Barry 484-3873.

Suzuki 350, 1972. 3000 miles. Perfect condition. Asking \$800. Call Ted, 932-6523.

## LOST

Lost glasses in black case golden frame. If found please contact King after 6:00. Hand-some reward. 332-3976.

## WANTED

Child care worker needed for group of children under two years of age. Apply to M.C.F.C., Wally Wenz, 392-4309.

Wanted: The Norton Anthology of English Literature Vol. II Call David 288-6062 after 7 pm.

## ENTERTAINMENT

Nobody expects the Italian Inquisition. See the GONDOLIERS. Moysse Hall, March 14-17. Tickets, Union Box Office or at the door.

McGill Film Society: The Suspense Series presents, "Ministry of Fear" (U.S. 1944) directed by Fritz Lang at 7:00 pm and "The Third Man" (Brit. 1950) directed by Sir Carol Reed at 9:30 pm. On Friday, March 9, in L132. Admission 50c. Now for something truly sensational: "Straw Dogs" (U.S. 1971) directed by Sam Peckinpah with Dustin Hoffman at 7:00 and 9:30 in PSCA/FDA. Admission 75c. tel. 392-8934.

Open House - Saturday nite 8:00 pm at Red Door Fraternity 3647 University - live band - Grippen Mire. Girls free. Guys \$1.

DKE - Save the children Fund cocktail party. Friday, March 9, 5:00 pm. 3653 University. All welcome, admission is free.

## TYPING

Typing lecture notes, term papers, copy work, same day service. 733-3272.



Have you checked the Classified ads today? There may be a bargain there for you.



**BISHOPS' ANNEX RESTAURANT**  
1445 BISHOP ST. MONTREAL  
CINEMA - DISCOTHEQUE  
CAFÉ TERRASSE  
BAR

TEL. 844-8419

**SPECIAL FOR MCGILL STUDENTS & STAFF & PROFS**

**FREE COFFEE OR TEA**  
(NO LIMIT PER PERSON)  
MONDAY THRU FRIDAY  
FROM 2 PM TO 5 PM  
FEB & MARCH

**ONLY CINEMA IN A RESTAURANT**

**Quinquaginta**

**Fünfzig**

**Ötven**

**Take ΠΕΝΤΕ for ΠΕΝΤΗΚΟΝΤΑ**



# Sports

by marty braun

## Cagers continue playoff action

For the first time this year, the intramural basketball schedule will be brought up to date, with the publication of this article. The games that it refers to were played this past Monday evening, a mere four days ago!

Second-round play-offs left four teams in the running for the league championship. Carnassials of the NBA creamed Bucks 54-34. Carnassials in the double figures were Mendel with 12, Goldberg and Auerbach with 11. Bucks to do the same were Guiliani with 20, and Duff with 10.

Net Vets of the ABA edged out Med IV 39-35. Langer and D. Nerntean led the winners with 14 and 12 points respectively, while Marchant donated 14 points to an unsuccessful effort.

Meanwhile, Eng I of the OBA slipped past Team Psyche by a score of 45-39. Eng I was spearheaded by P. Landovskis' 19 points and M. Lowenger's 13. Wright and Weinrott both had 12 for Team Psyche.

And finally, Hobbes of the ABA eliminated Superstars 47-31. Lichacz netted 10 and Brown twice that for Hobbes, while Galler and Weinstein hit for 12 and 9 points respectively in a losing, if not lost, cause.

by brian lambert

## Broomers forced to don bloomers?

Yes friends, that time of year has arrived again. Those days of seriousness and studying are over and done and it is time to shed those looks of gloom and rejoice in the streets. Parties, parades, and fanfare will accompany the championship game to be played in the near future. As everyone knows, Cup Day is a national holiday and attendance at the game is compulsory. Eight teams are left with dreams of sugar plums dancing in their heads.

The regular season has finished much as this reporter had predicted. Here is a rundown of the final standings: Section I: (1) Eng I, 7-0-0, 14 pts; (2) Abscesses, 4-2-1, 9 pts; (3) Joke Squad, 3-2-2, 8 pts; (4) Moto, 3-3-1, 7 pts. Section II: (1) Talbotians 6-1-0, 12 pts; (2) CRC, 6-1-0, 12 pts; (3) Get-a-head, 2-2-3, 7 pts; (4) Wackers 2-2-3, 7 pts. Section III: (1) Zeke's

Rinkrats, 7-0-0, 14 pts; (2) Raiders and Rapers, 6-1-0, 12 pts; (3) Crushers, 3-4-0, 6 pts; (4) Sphincters, 2-3-2, 6 pts. Section IV: (1) Gee-Gees, 6-0-0, 12 pts; (2) Grits and Jowls, 5-1-0, 10 pts; (3) Eng III, 4-2-0, 8 pts; (4) MBA, 3-3-0, 6 pts. Got That?

So there are 5 Engineering, 4 Science, 2 Medicine, 2 Arts, 1 Dentistry, 1 Education, 1 Graduate team entering the playoffs.

The 1st round of the playoffs were the octafinals (???) and the results were not surprising except for one. Fans, hold on to whatever you want to hold on to, because the Talbotians lost! This ignominious defeat (big word) was caused by the (gasp!) Sphincters (Holy Cow!). The final score was 2-1 in overtime. CRC's strategy of holding Pierre Gobeil hostage in the Pot office, paid off, I guess... The Gobeil-less Talbotians were not

by elliott pap

## It's Gits vs. Dickies in big one!

The floor hockey finalists have finally been finalized. On the strength of identical 3-2 victories, the Flying Dickies and the Gits have advanced to the championship game of all the world (the McGill world, that is).

The Flying Dickies, from the same faculty that brings you that rag known as the Plumber's Pot, were lucky to emerge victorious as the stubborn Swine did all they could to prevent a Dickie victory and, for that matter, a Swine defeat.

The game's first goal was scored by Swine defenceman Paul Davis on a long shot from centre floor. The Dickies were two

men short at the time which facilitated things to a large extent. The Swine also scored the second goal as Ivan Bonato pulled one of his many fancy shifts on Dickie netminder John Hickin.

Thus, at the conclusion of the second period, the Swine held a 2-0 lead and were playing excellent floor hockey. Their hitting was a thing of beauty as they cut down Dickies in every possible manner.

Unfortunately for the Swine and their athletic supporters, they could not keep it up. The Dickies came out smoking and blasted three quickies past startled Swine goalie Mark Rich-

ler. The rest of the game was a tense struggle with Swiners Gabe Stivaletti and Irwin Horner missing glorious opportunities to tie the contest. Oh yes, Claudio Menni was the hero of the affair as the winning marker was shot from his stick.

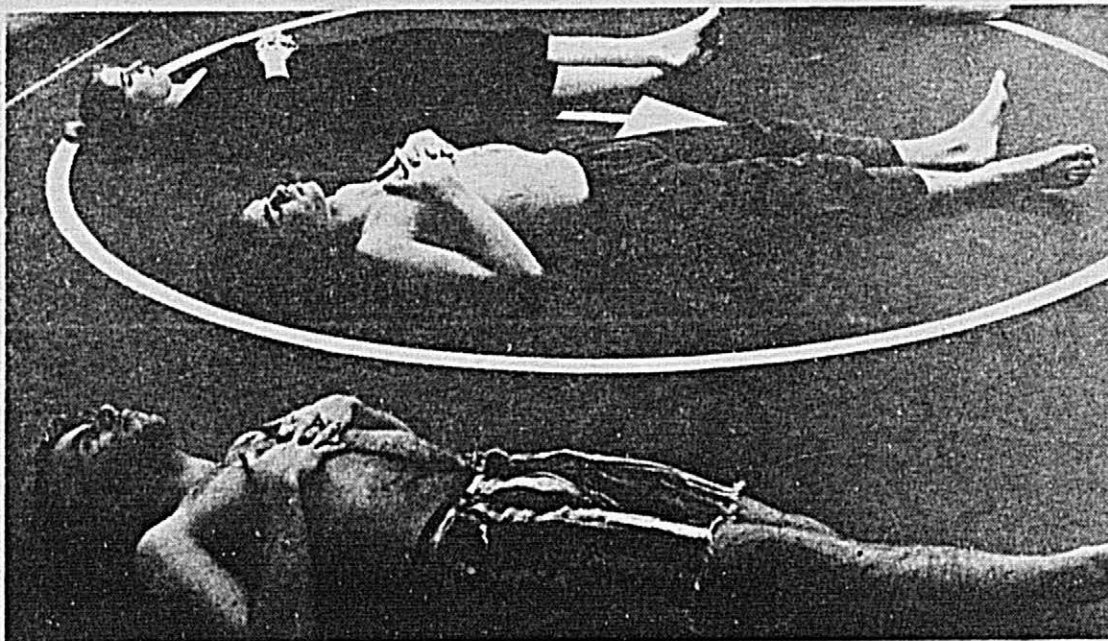
In the other semi-final, it looked as if the Gits would run roughshod over their opponents, the Loopholes. They banged in two quick goals before the fans even had time to take their seats. The Loopholes struggled back as their star forward Louie Arcudi found the range behind the Gits goalie, first on a long shot and then on a short shot. At the end of the second period the scoreboard read 2-2.

The third period in this match was similar to the previous one as the Gits came out firing. It was only a matter of a few seconds before Eris Salvatori popped in the winner on a shot from where the face-off circle would be, if there was one.

There it is, then. The Flying Dickies, now 8-0, versus the Gits who are 7-1 in the biggest, most important game of the year. Don't miss it!

PAP CRAP: The two semi-finals were two of the best played games one could ever want to see. They were a credit to the game... The Swine had the support of the crowd in their confrontation with the Dickies proving once again that no one likes the Engineers but the Engineers themselves... The Swine were also blessed with a new member to their fan club as Lucie Laliberté came to see her heroes in action. She was appalled by the violence and vowed never to return. So much for the new member... Since this article seems to be praising the Swine to no end perhaps I should mention that none other than I, Daily reporter Elliott Pap, play on the Swine, which goes to show once again that the Daily has biased reporters...

daily photo by harold rosenberg



THE GYM CALLS IT YOGA but as anyone can see, it is really another well-known sport (which we all love but never do) called sleeping.

by ian shaw

### Badminton final

The annual McGill Intramural Badminton Championship is rapidly drawing to a close, with the field of thirty-six having been narrowed down to two. In the semi-finals last week, the confidence and strong backhand of defending champion Chee Chem Tey carried him to victory over Pierre Boisvert, while consistent play and a good overhand smash enabled Idris Nordin to outlast Allan Sklar. The final match will be played on Tuesday March 13 at 8:00 PM in the Currie Gym. Come early for good seats.

goal was scored by Donny Schreiber from a scramble in front of the net. Unfortunately readers, the results from the second game are not ready and here it is already press time. Ah well, read about it next time.

By the way, here is the truth about the Daily-Pot broomball game as can be reported only by an impartial, intrepid reporter. The Pot staff, although one of the weakest teams I have ever seen (and I've seen them all) BEAT the Daily staff, definitely the worst team I have ever seen. The final score? 7-0. The score would have been higher, but I didn't play for the Daily because of prior commitments.

So nervous sports fans, try and wait for the final news about the final game without having a nervous breakdown and I promise you a good game. Watch out for bouncing balls...

the T's we all knew and loved. In other games, Eng I wacked the Wackers 5-0, Raiders beat Eng III 3-0, Grits and Jowls beat Joke squad 2-0, Zeked Rinkrats edged MBA 1-0, Abscesses overturned Get-a-head 1-0, Gee-Gees typically won 1-0 over Moto, and Chico Rico's Chihuahuas beat Crushers 3-0.

A lot of money was won and lost in the 1st round and Jimmy the Greek was rumored to have attempted suicide when he heard the result of the T's-Sphincters game.

In the 1st game of the quarter finals, Eng I edged Raiders and Rapers 1-0 in a highly competitive game. Barry Einarson scored from behind the net halfway through the second half. In the second game, CRC defeated the Gee-Gees 1-0. GG couldn't afford to put the team in the net as is their regular habit because they were never in front. The



## Belfast...

continued from page 4

ings, using them for their own headquarters. A park, built by the people of Andersonstown for the children, was taken over by the British army, who in turn surrounded it with walls and barbed wire. Many apartment rooms have been evacuated for use by British snipers. I was shown all the rows of Catholic homes that have either been burnt out or bombed by the Protestants. Bullet holes exist in almost every home's wall. One wall had a large hole created by a rocket launcher.

We returned to Saint Paul's for what they call their "After Mass" drink. Only the men attend this and it usually takes the form of various debates and discussions of the problems. Once again I met Provos

and found they were only too willing to discuss the set-up of the IRA and the differences between the "Official" IRA and the Provisionals. The whole idea of a visitor in Ireland being able to meet some of the top men in the IRA might seem to show a weakness in the structure of their security ranks. This is definitely not true. There are, indeed, many channels one has to go through to meet such men; and unless you have a considerable donation to help the guerrilla army function or have built up a well known republican image, your chances of meeting these men are almost nil. My contacts were made through a friend in Montreal, a member of the Provisionals, who has been living in Canada the past couple of years. It was his family that I

stayed with, a family that plays a very important part in the survival of the Provisional IRA in Andersonstown.

Later that afternoon, Mrs. F. introduced me to the wife of S.T., one of the Belfast Battalion staff officers. Here I learned a lot of the personal information about the set-up of "B" company — the Andersonstown unit — and also tragic and humorous events that happened to some of the IRA men. During this conversation, the distaste for the "Official" IRA, called the "stickies" by the people of Belfast, was brought up.

The actual conflict between the stickies and the Provos was seen later that night. I had met an old Montreal school friend in Belfast who has become involved somewhat in the Provisional movement. He invited me out to another drinking place. This had a much younger atmosphere to it, with everyone singing rebel songs. My friend got into a fight but it soon turned into a gang scramble. The commanding officer of "B" company was there that night and brought my friend into the washroom to lecture him on his misbehavior. The Provos have a rule that any men on duty must refrain from drinking or drawing attention to himself. However the "stickies" had provoked the fight and there was little alternative left to him.

Although two more bombs went off that night and there were the usual gunshots outside, I slept rather comfortably, having quickly become accustomed to the situation.



**Dapper Dan:  
Wear  
it all began.**

St. Catherine & Bleury  
6627 St. Hubert Plaza

**The biggest jean store in the world.**

LEE  
LEE  
LEE<sup>®</sup>



**EXPORT "A"**  
CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

WARNING: The Department of National Health and Welfare advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked

**PGSS**

**Post-Graduate Students'  
Society Executive Elections**

Nominations are hereby called for the following positions:

President  
Vice-President -- External Affairs  
Vice-President -- Internal Affairs  
Vice-President -- University Affairs  
Treasurer  
Secretary

Only regular members are eligible to be elected to an Executive position. All nomination papers must contain the following statement:

"We, the undersigned members of the Post-Graduate Students' Society nominate \_\_\_\_\_ for the position of \_\_\_\_\_."

Furthermore, nomination papers for the position of President must be signed by fifty (50) nominators and nomination papers for the other Executive positions by twenty-five (25) nominators with their year, department, school, or institute and be countersigned by the candidate (including his or her address and phone number).

The completed nomination papers must be addressed to C.R.O. Graduate Centre (Thomson House) 3650 McTavish Street and must arrive no later than Tuesday, March 20, 1973 at 5 p.m. Location of polls will be posted in each department.

For any information please contact the Secretary at 392-5899 (Thomson House).

Andrew E. Fenus Secretary/C.R.O.

**HONDA**

CB750 \$1999.00

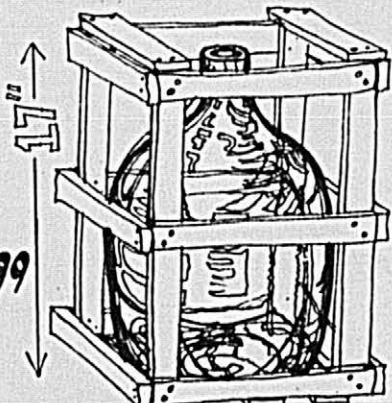
HONDA CB350 \$997.00

HONDA ST90 \$479.00

**HONDA  
CITY LTD.**

6260 DECARIE Blvd (at Van Horne) 735-2255  
1624 ST. CATHERINE ST. W. (at Guy) 932-1173






**BIG GLASS BOTTLES**  
(green tinted)

small: 4.99  
medium: 9.99  
large: 16.99

## IMPORT BAZAAR

**DOWNTOWN** 866-6166  
St. Catherine & Peel


decorating  
ideas  
for spring



**DRIED FLOWERS**

each bunch \$1.29


comes in plastic-bagged bunches, or in pre-arranged arrangements, or in segregated bunches, according to colour or species.



22% wool  
78% cotton

hand-made from India

**NUMDHA RUGS**



4.99


1.89

from Farrukhabad.


**SHEESHAM-WOOD BOXES**

**PATCHWORK PILLOWS**

19.99



36" x 36"



hand-blown in Mexico

4.99

**OIL LAMPS**

(we have scented oils to match.)

THIS WEEK AT

# TOWNIES

BOUTIQUE

<b>PANTS</b>	<b>\$9.00</b>
<b>JACKETS</b>	<b>\$10.00</b>
<b>SMOCKS</b>	<b>\$5.00</b>

with every purchase you make we enter your student number in our draw for the following prizes. Winners announced in the 'Daily' personal column next week.

3rd prize: choice of 2 record albums from Townies

2nd prize: any pants, jacket and top from Townies

1st Prize: 2 tickets to the show of your choice at the Forum or Place des Arts.

**750 SHERBROOKE ST. WEST**  
Opposite Campus

The Savoy Society Presents  
Gilbert & Sullivan's

## THE GONDOLIERS

Moyse Hall - March 14-17  
8:00 p.m.

Tickets: \$1.50 March 14-15  
\$2.50 March 16-17

At Union Box Office or the door.

## ANNUAL McGILL WATERSHOW

**SATURDAY - MARCH 10th - 8 p.m.**

**SIR ARTHUR CURRIE MEMORIAL POOL**  
475 PINE AVE. WEST

**General Admission \$1.00**  
**Students 50¢**

Tickets and info.  
Women's Athletics Offices  
**392-4548 or 392-4544**

McGill English Department Drama Programme presents

# ST. JOAN OF THE STOCKYARDS

by Bertolt Brecht

Moyse Hall, Arts Building March 7-10 - 8:00 p.m.  
**NO ADMISSION CHARGE**

Tickets: Union Box Office (392-8926) or at the door.  
(A ticket is required for admittance)